

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE HELPER IN NEED.

Do you know the stately Riesenkamm, the highest ridge of the whole Sudetes chain in the dear Silesian land, with its proud snow-tops and the woody base, with its pools and waterfalls, its meadows and hamlets? Deep down in one of the most charming regions at the foot of this mountain, lies a little peaceful village. There dwelt, long years ago, in quiet seclusion, a poor widow with her only little daughter Catherine. She was a very good child, and beloved by every one for her gentle disposition and pious industry; at the earliest dawn, she would go to her day's work, and labor until the sun set, — and that with contentment and joy. She did it for the dear mother who was very poor and sick, so that she herself could earn nothing more.

Upon little Catherine, therefore, was her hope fastened, that Heaven would one day bless them both through the daughter's diligent hand. The good little maiden did all that was in her power; but, with all her care and industry, she was hardly able to procure the absolute

Upon his shoulders hung negligently a great clear green mantle, and his well-polished gun glittered in the sun's rays.

Suddenly he stepped up to the pillar, under whose shadow Catherine sat with folded arms, looking at the hurrying crowd. Just then passed by a distinguished man, with a gold-laced coat. Shyly the distressed maiden went up to him, and raised her hands entreatingly; and her tearful eyes spoke plainer than words: "Have pity upon the poor!" But the rich lord eyed her haughtily from head to foot, and said, "Go and work! There are already too many idle beggars!" and passed on. Deeply blushing, little Catherine sobbed after him: "Alas! it was only for my poor, poor mother!" and raising her hands to heaven as if she would call God to witness that she had not deserved the harsh reply, she stood in utter despair. Just then a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and the huntsman stooped down and said: "You poor, inexperienced child! because *you* have a great loving heart, you think that all other hearts must be loving and helpful. You might wait a long time, and then receive not enough to buy your poor sick mother an evening meal!" Surprised, little Catherine looked up at him. "You do not know *me* even," said she; "how do you know my poor, sick mother?" Quickly answered the stranger: "You have been praying very softly to yourself; in this way I have learned all, and would gladly help you. Wait for me yonder by the water-side. It will soon be dark, and you will need a guide. I will bring you perhaps some more yarn, for my sisters spin very fine threads." Thereupon he looked at her very kindly, and went on. Catherine watched him as he

strode through the crowd; and it seemed to her as if the farther he went, the higher he towered above the crowd, until he vanished in the cloudy distance. The heart of the terrified maiden beat hard under her bodice; she could not resist a cold shudder, notwithstanding her love for the mysterious huntsman, who had promised in such good faith to help her.

But now the cool twilight had come, and the little stars were looking down over the high houses. Then went little Catherine, hastening on her homeward way, thinking upon the words of the stranger. Soon she had left behind her the disagreeable town, and was hurrying with timid hope toward the ever-darkening forest. Like a broad silver plain lay the overflowed fields at the foot of the deep-blue mountains, and the roaring of the cataract sounded like heavy thunder through the desolate place. Catherine had waded carefully through the little streams, which were running in all directions over the plain; and now her eye sought for the bridge, but there was no longer any trace of it to be seen. No boat! no deliverer round about! The poor maiden stood alone and forsaken, surrounded by a thousand babbling brooks, which flowed maliciously about her in strange circles, so that her return appeared hazardous; and she believed herself at last banished into a charmed circle, out of which no way led. In vain she stretched her eyes into the distance for aid. She saw the homelike village, indeed; but the mist seemed to be removing it farther and farther from her; and the gulf between appeared to be growing more and more impassable. The distressed child raised her eyes to heaven, praying in agony for a deliverer in this hour of need. Suddenly she thought of the stran-

ger and his promise, which, in her confusion, she had forgotten; and she looked round with fresh hope, and called out loud through the twilight, so that her voice resounded from the nearest mountain-wall. And—oh joy! by the glimmer of the rising moon, she saw coming along the rocky path, a form, which, by the waving of his long mantle, she knew must be the huntsman. But, as he drew nearer, the dark covering waved in such mysterious forms about his body, that it gave him a strange, ghost-like appearance; and, in spite of herself, she grew more fearful, the nearer he came. Her terror subsided when she heard his benevolent voice, which said in so friendly a manner: "Here, maiden, is yarn; my sisters have also sent the spindle; but take good care of it, and do not let it go out of your hands at any price; for it carries a blessing with it, and will make you rich." Little Catherine looked up to him gratefully, and promised always to remember his advice. "But now," entreated she, "carry me over the stream, as you promised, so that my good mother at home may be no longer distressed about me."

But the huntsman said: "Foolish child, what do you ask? do you not see how high the flood is? where is there a bridge or a boat to carry us over? Think no further about it to-day, but come with me into the deep mountain-forest; there stands a pretty little castle, within which you can live as long as it suits you; and you shall there want nothing which can delight your heart; for I am rich, and you shall live with me glorious days." "Alas!" replied the trembling maiden, "how could I live in joy and luxury, when my poor mother is sighing at home, and deeply grieving in her heart for me? No,

you have no parents to care for! else you would not distress me with such words! I had rather venture into the rushing stream by myself, than follow you, strange, wonderful man! The God to whom I pray will protect me, and will not let me sink."

Then the eyes of the huntsman gleamed like the stars of the night, and he said: "Child, thy faith and love are strong; but my arm is also strong, and I will carry you over in spite of all the demons of the stream." And, in a moment, he folded the green mantle around Catherine's slender form, and his powerful arm bore her high above the roaring flood; so that she could look down, as from an island of peace, into the kingdom of the waves beneath her. Ere she could believe it, she was upon the opposite shore. She felt herself laid gently down upon the turf; she turned her head to thank her deliverer, but he was nowhere to be seen. Wondering, she rubbed her eyes and cried, "Am I awake, or is it a dream?" but the heavy baskets convinced her of the reality of her adventure.

With joyful steps, she ran along the familiar path, to the little village. There stood her mother, anxiously looking for her from the cottage-door. As Catherine hurriedly related her adventure, the good mother thoughtfully shook her head, and said: "God preserve thee, thou poor innocent child, from malicious demons and gloomy spirits!"

But when she heard how the daughter's love and great faith had excited the huntsman to this wonderful rescue, she was comforted, although she did not understand it.

The next morning, when Catherine examined the yarn,

which the hunter had given her, lo and behold, it was pure gold! and hung heavy to the floor. But the spindle glittered yet far more beautifully; and it was so light, that, when the busy little spinstress tried the first thread upon it, it danced, as of itself, in her hand; and it was a pleasure to see how fine and quickly she drew out the threads.

As if moved by a great thought, the happy child fell in silent prayer upon her knees; for now she clearly saw a higher hand in the play, and she praised God, and the good spirit, who had so graciously delivered her out of all her troubles.

When she carried the golden web to the market, her strange adventure with the unknown huntsman spread far and wide; and all the people thought that it was Rubezahl, the mountain-spirit, and crossed themselves, and avoided the favored one.

Catherine did not allow herself to be troubled, but left her poor little cottage, and went into a quiet, wondrous, beautiful mountain-valley, where good friendly people dwelt, who soon became heartily attached to the new-comer. There she lived a joyful life; free from care, and in quiet benevolence. She became very rich, but she never forgot the past; and her pious diligence and loving heart descended, with the golden spindle, to children's children, for many generations.

E. J. D.

LAMPS were used by the ancients, and candles were an invention of the middle ages. At first, wicks were made of hemp, papyrus, and the pith of rushes. — *Selected.*

THE BUOY.

WE'LL stand upon the rocky shore,
 And listen to the ocean's roar;
 And as the billows leap with glee,
 We'll shout aloud, "The sea! the sea!"

How its blue waves stretch out of sight,
 Curled with the foam-crests, pure and white;
 And how the ships ride joyously
 Upon the sea, the mighty sea!

Look! while the vessels dance and rock,
 The buoy scarce trembles with the shock;
 And there, to plume his ruffled wing,
 The sea-bird sits, — a lonely thing.

We will not shout and sing again,
 For calmer thought comes o'er the brain;
 And in the breaker's ceaseless strife,
 We see an emblem of our life.

Fixed on the everlasting Strength,
 May hope and trust repose at length;
 And as the bird a moment there
 Poises itself for upper air, —

So may the spirit, raised above
 The dashing waves of earthly love,
 With lifted wing, prepare to soar
 'Mid joy and peace for evermore!

A DAY AT MESSRS. BROOKS'S COTTON MILL,
AT MELTHAM MILLS.

WE now come to the *blowing machine*, where we see numbers of men engaged in subjecting the cotton to a third process, similar to that which it underwent in the first machine; only, this blowing Boreas being much larger and finer set, the opening is more minutely done. The cotton is now delivered, you will observe, in the form of a web, and wrapped round a roller, freed from most of the dross that was originally mixed with it. The rollers are then carried to another machine, where they are doubled three together, and, passing through another eight-scutter, are again formed into a web, and wrapped round a roller; being made by this process as even in every square inch as possible, so that they will fill the card equally without choking it. See what piles of these rollers stand there, in their white jackets, ready to be carried to the card-room; and from thence to be doubled upwards of thirty-five millions of times, and twisted and twirled by remorseless spindles, before they have been tortured into twist, and made ready for the market! Let us follow them.

Open that door in the side-wall; but be careful, or you will tumble down, — down thirty feet below. What see you there? A square tube, running from top to bottom of the mills, with a movable floor exactly fitting it, which rises or falls as required by means of ropes and pulleys. See, the floor is now far down below where we are standing. Give the signal. Lo! up it rises, with a man to direct its movements. Now it is on a level with us.

We step upon it, and in a few seconds are carried to the card-room.

What a strange and wonderful sight bursts upon us ! The room runs the whole length of the building, and is full of machinery, which really looks alive, and seems as if it could talk. What a roar of wheels and humming of spindles salute the ear ! and how complicated is the work going on here ! Yet all is accurately and beautifully done, without confusion, without rest or haste. Hundreds of hands, most of them girls from fourteen to twenty, are busily engaged in their several departments, watching the machinery, feeding it, and instantly joining the broken ends of cotton. Not a moment is lost ; every eye is vigilant, every hand active. Let us see now what they are doing with the cotton rollers, specimens of which we saw below.

The machine to which they are now put is called a *breaker* : it consists of rapid rollers, and a large cylinder covered with card-sheets with movable tops. These sheets contain thousands of sharp iron teeth, so nicely and accurately set that they catch every fibre of cotton, and separate them film from film, laying them longitudinally to each other. A smaller cylinder of the same description is placed in front of the large one, and set so close to it that it draws away the cotton in regular proportions as fast as it is fed into the machine. It is finally drawn away from this cylinder by means of a comb, and delivered in a long tin case, in beautifully white streams about two inches wide. It is then carried to the *lap-machine*. From twelve to twenty-four cans are placed behind a pair of rollers kept down by levers and weights ; and the cotton is spread out like the warp of a web, and rolled firmly upon another roller, in order to go through

another process of carding, called *finishing*. The finishing cards contain about 700 teeth, or points, to every square inch; and the fibres are here thoroughly and finally separated. They are then carried off in a long thin web through the delivering-roller into another pair of rollers, when each inch of cotton is drawn into lengths of two inches, uniformly, from end to end. The cans are all filled with these long streams, which have been delivered into them by the *finisher*; and here, close at hand, is another machine ready to receive them. This is called the *drawing-frame*, and you will observe that it contains four separate divisions, each alike. Six of the cans are placed against the *frame*; and six ends, one for each can, are put into the backmost roller in the first division. You will notice that there are four rollers in all, at small distances from one another; each of them, from the back to the front, going round a little quicker than its neighbor, so that the front roller will revolve six times for one revolution of the back roller. The consequence is, that every inch of cotton taken in by the back roller is drawn into six inches by the front roller; so that the *six* ends put in behind come out in the form of *one* end in front, of the same thickness and weight as each of the six ends; or, in other words, as one single end, as it came from the cards. This process is carried on through all the four divisions; and after passing through them all, and being doubled 186,624 times, the cotton is still of the same thickness and weight as it was at the beginning of the doubling and drawing operation.

But mark what a change has taken place in its appearance! When it was put into the cards, it was coarse and rough, with the fibres pointing in all directions; but now it has assumed the lustrous appearance of silk, every

fibre lying smooth and straight, and all in the same direction. It is now in a fit state for further operations. You will observe that it is in one endless length, but still thick enough to bear its own weight. Now, before it can be drawn much finer, some means must be adopted to make the fibres hold together. In its present state, there will be about 100 yards to the pound; but it cannot be drawn out to eight or ten hundred yards, unless some means can be devised to make it hold together. How, then, is this to be accomplished? Let us go forward to the *slubbing-frame*, and the difficulty will be solved.

A row of cans stands behind it, filled with cotton in a state we have described above. The *frame* has three lines of rollers for the purpose of drawing the riband, or stream of cotton, out into a "*roving*." A series of "*flyers*" is also fixed upon revolving spindles, with *bobbins* upon these spindles to receive the rovings. As the cotton is delivered from the front rollers, it passes through the flyers, and is wound round the bobbins, receiving at the same time its proportionate quantity of *twist* by the revolution of the flyers. The bobbins are regularly carried up and down by mechanical contrivance, so that the rovings are uniformly laid from end to end of the bobbins, at equal distances to suit their diameters.

Take a bobbin from the frame, and examine it. It is so soft that you can press it flat with your fingers; but it is so equal and level, that every part of it contains nearly the same number of fibres! And now listen to this astounding fact. The roving on this bobbin has been doubled 746,496 times since it left the *bag*, and it is eight times smaller than when it left the *cards*. You will see that there is no more *twist* put upon it than is

necessary to keep it from separating, and straining its parts by its own weight; and this twist is the sole secret of keeping it together, which was the difficulty that startled us when it left the *finishing* machine. It is now about one *hank*, or 840 yards to the pound.

The bobbins are now taken forward, and put through a similar machine to the last, but smaller and finer in its parts. As the rovings are getting finer, the bobbins are made lighter, and smaller in proportion. The rovings undergo here another doubling, two of them being made into one, which is then drawn out by rollers four times longer than the former; and, after this process is accomplished, it is put through a third and fourth, growing finer and finer as it advances, until it passes through the last frame in the card-room, when every pound is made into thirty hanks, containing 25,200 yards of roving, which has now been doubled no less than 3,981,312 times!

It is now ready for being spun into fine yarns, and we must follow it, therefore, from the card-room to the spinning-room. As it is too much of a toil to climb the long range of steps to the next room above, suppose we mount the "*hoist*" again, and make the steam-horse pull us up. So here we are in the room filled with *spinning-jennies*. These machines differ considerably from the former, as the yarns are here finished, and receive all the twist necessary to fit them for any purpose they may be wished to be applied to. The "*rovings*" are here also doubled into the rollers, and drawn out ten times their original length. They are built upon spindles, and then doffed off by the hand of the spinner. It is scarcely fifty years since yarns were spun only by

hand, one thread at a time; but now one man, assisted by three boys, can keep 1200 or 2000 spindles going at once, each spindle producing a thread! Look at those before you: how smooth they are! how level! the fibres all twisted firmly together, making the thread strong and elastic. Here is a cop finished, and just taken off the spindle. It is solid and hard, containing 3000 yards of yarn, and weighs about one-third of an ounce!

(To be continued.)

THE ESTRANGEMENT.

CONSTANCE VANE sat by an open window on a beautiful June afternoon. Her eyes wandered idly over the landscape, or rested abstractedly upon the rose-bushes which grew just outside. A deep sigh at length arrested her mother's attention.

"Constance, I do not like to see you so idle. Cannot you practise, or draw, or sew?"

"I do not feel inclined to do any thing, mamma, unless I may talk with you, and that I should like very much; but I thought you were planning some work, and would not wish to be disturbed."

"My work is cut out now, and I shall be glad to talk with you."

"Three or four weeks ago, Miss Lee said we ought never to be afraid to speak to a person about his faults, if we could do so pleasantly, and without bitterness. She said that whenever we had good thoughts, too, we ought to make our friends sharers in them. She said that she hoped it would one day be as usual for persons,

when they met, to speak of the love and goodness of God, as it was now to speak of the weather."

"I agree with her entirely. Do not you?"

"Yes, mamma, I agree with her in *thought*, but to agree in *action* is quite a different thing. There is a friend of mine, now, in whom I see a fault. It is but a very, *very* small one, which perhaps many people would not have noticed. I think I ought to tell her of it. But then we have never been accustomed to speak together on such subjects, and she might be seriously offended, were I to mention it."

"Then she is not a friend worth having."

"Ah! mamma. I love her very much, and should be sorry to give her any occasion for not returning my love."

"She would have all the more reason for returning it, if you spoke to her kindly and gently of what you see wrong in her. It is a proof of the truest friendship, where one can reprove, and the other take the reproof in the spirit in which it was meant.

"I know — but then I am afraid to try it."

"Afraid to do what is right, Constance? That is not the true spirit. That is not the Christian spirit. You used to tell me, when you were a very little girl, that you wanted to be a missionary, and go about doing good, And, only the other day, you said that God had done so much for you, that you would gladly do something to show your gratitude to him. We do nothing more grateful to God than when we attempt to benefit the souls of his creatures. Only we must do it in faith, remembering that, if our efforts fail, he will look at the motive, and not at the end. But what is this fault? Can you tell me without betraying your friend's name?"

"Yes, mamma; for I have only noticed it a short time. She is beginning to make fun of people; to ridicule them and laugh at them; and then, when she is with those very people, she is polite and attentive, and they would never suspect that she did not like them very much."

"That is certainly a dangerous tendency. I think you ought by all means to speak to her of it."

Constance did not promise. She only said, "I will think about it."

The rest of the afternoon passed away in conversation upon different subjects; and Constance retired that night, still undecided.

About a week after, Constance came home from school; and, as she took her place at the dinner-table, her mother observed traces of tears on her countenance. But, as Constance made no allusion to any trouble, her mother forbore to inquire its cause; but she observed, that Constance ate but little, and did not go into the parlor for her after-dinner chat with her father.

As soon as Mr. Vane went out, Mrs. Vane sought her daughter, whom she found seated in a low chair, in her own chamber, not sobbing violently, but with the tears running fast over her cheeks. She did not appear to have noticed her mother's entrance; for she started when her mother said, "Constance, my child, why are you crying so?"

"Oh, I am so unhappy! I have told my friend of her fault, and she is very angry. She says she will never speak to me again. Oh! I wish I had not told her."

"Then she is not the friend for you, Constance, un-

less, indeed, you spoke to her in an angry or a boastful spirit." "I am sure I do not think I showed either impatience or vanity. I met her on the way to school this morning; and she began to ridicule Matilda Upham, because she cannot afford to have new clothing until her old is worn out, so her bonnets and dresses become old-fashioned, and some of the girls laugh at her. I did not laugh; but I told her, that she must not think I wanted to find fault with her, if I told her that it troubled me to hear her ridicule others, and that I hoped she would try to overcome the habit, as it would grow into a serious fault. Then she was very angry, and said I set myself up to be better than other people; and she has gone round the whole school, and told all the girls of it."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Vane, sitting down beside her daughter, and passing her hand caressingly over her hair. "I am very sorry, that, when you try to do right, you should be discouraged. But do not wish you had acted differently. There is some wise purpose in your disappointment. Do the same thing again, should occasion require, because it is your duty. No deed, done from a good motive, goes unrewarded, or is without its fruit. Perhaps it may be a test to you, whereby you may try all new friendships. I am sorry, too, that your school-harmony is likely to be destroyed; but we must leave these things to the care of One who numbers the hairs of our head. Bathe your eyes now," she added, kissing Constance, "and we will go to see dear cousin Helen. She, at least, will always be a friend to you."

It was many weeks before Constance could think of

her broken friendship without tears. Her former friend never spoke to her, or even seemed to think of her, and was in almost provokingly good spirits. If Constance had not been constantly obliged to come in contact with her schoolmate, it would have been much easier for her to forget that they had ever loved each other; but, as the two girls were in the same class, they often had to sit side by side. Constance still tried to show that she bore her no ill-will, by offering to lend her pencils, books, and the thousand and one little articles of which school-girls are continually in want; but these were steadily and scornfully refused, often, as Constance knew, to the other's great inconvenience.

Five or six months passed away, and no attempt at reconciliation had been made by Isabel Chester, though hundreds of opportunities had been afforded her by Constance. Mrs. Vane knew, of course, as Isabel ceased to visit the house, and Constance rarely spoke of her, that she was the once, nay, the still-loved friend.

"Constance, for whom have you stripped your tea-rose?" said Mrs. Vane, one morning. "I really should have hesitated to ask you for one blossom, and you have taken them all."

"I am going to send them to Isabel Chester," said Constance, blushing. "She is very ill of typhus-fever; and perhaps she will like them."

Mrs. Vane shook her head, and was about to say, that Isabel did not deserve such kindness; but she checked herself, and Constance went to school.

Long and tedious was the progress of Isabel's disease; and her recovery was equally slow. March found her unable to leave her chamber; but, in many respects, she

was a changed girl. She felt, though Constance had left no name with the flowers and fruits she had sent her, that these could come from no other hand; as her other schoolmates had sent, with their little offerings, notes, or kind messages. She lay listlessly on her couch one afternoon, gazing from the window, when she saw Constance pass by. Hastily calling her attendant, she made her observe the dress of Constance, that she might go down stairs, and be prepared to invite her, on her return, to come in and see the invalid.

Constance looked wistfully up at the house as she passed it again, and crossed the street, when she was summoned, in great haste, for she feared Isabel was worse; but when she learned that Isabel wished to see her, she was so surprised that she lost all power of speech, and followed the servant in silence to Isabel's room.

What was the conversation between the two *friends*, now truly so, we never knew. We can only imagine that Isabel's confessions were sincere, and her sorrow genuine; and that Constance was entirely ready to forgive and forget. So long, however, did the two girls talk, that Mrs. Chester, fearing Isabel would be entirely exhausted, was obliged to tell Constance that she must finish her visit at another time.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vane, when Constance had told her the joyful news, "we need patience and trust in God in all our trials, great and small. Your present happiness makes you forget all the sorrow Isabel's estrangement cost you; and perhaps you will see that your words of reproof were not without effect, when Isabel again mingles with her companions."

The event justified Mrs. Vane's supposition. Isabel became as cautious and kind in speaking of others, as she had before been severe. Nay, Mrs. Vane says she has often heard her reprove some lively sally of Constance which seemed to her to border upon ridicule of others; and Constance has never since been afraid to tell others of their faults, or to utter that "word fitly spoken," which "is as apples of gold set in pictures of silver."

ED.

THE GAZELLE, OR ANTELOPE.

Of the antelope, or gazelle, there are several species. They have all some resemblance to the deer-family, and, in some of their habits, are very much like the goat-tribe. This is the same animal which in the Bible is called the roe. The horns of the gazelle, which are long and slender, are annulated, or ringed. Of all animals in the world, this one has probably the most beautiful eyes. They are exceedingly brilliant, and yet present such an expression of meekness, softness, and gentleness, that they often figure in the lays of the Eastern poets.

The gazelle of the mountain is more attractive than the gazelle of the plain. In general, the flesh of these animals is excellent, as they feed on the tender shoots of trees. Some form herds of two or three thousand, while others keep in small troops of five or six. The chase of these animals is a favorite diversion among the eastern nations; and the accounts that are given of it supply ample proofs of the swiftness of the antelope tribe. The greyhound, the fleetest of dogs, is usually outrun by them; and the sportsman is obliged to have recourse to

the falcon, which is trained to the work, for seizing on the animal, and impeding its motion, that the dogs may thus have an opportunity of overtaking it. In India and Persia, a sort of leopard is made use of in the chase; and this animal takes its prey not by swiftness of foot, but by its astonishing springs, which are similar to those of the antelope; and yet, if the leopard should fail in its first attempt, the game escapes. The fleetness of this animal has been proverbial in the country which it inhabited from the earliest times. The speed of Asahel is beautifully compared to it.

Professor Pallas, in his travels through different provinces of Russia and Northern Asia, has described the method of hunting the antelope, which is the principal amusement of the Tonguses, who inhabit the heaths of Daouria beyond the Lake Baikal. They choose for this purpose the level and open tracks, situated near a mountain, a river, or a forest. In autumn, at which season their horses are most vigorous, they form companies of one hundred and fifty or two hundred hunters all on horseback, attended by led horses. Each has a trained dog; and they are armed with bows and arrows. This chase commonly lasts several days. When arrived at the rendezvous, they send before three or four sharp-sighted huntsmen, to get a view of the game from the heights or mountains, who stop to wait for their companions, as soon as they perceive the antelopes. When the troop comes in sight, the scouts make signals to them, or, by some evolutions of their horses, signify the place in which the antelopes feed, and the course that must be taken in order to come up with them. The troop then breaks into several divisions, and the hunters separate at some

distance from each other, in order to form a great ring. Those on the wing advance toward the pasturage of the herd, and endeavor to conceal themselves behind the heights till the animals are surrounded.

The ring then closes. When the antelopes, at the approach of the hunters, attempt to escape, the men rush on them, chase them from one party to another, terrifying them with their shouts and the whistling of their arrows, which, for that purpose, are furnished with a button of bone, perforated beneath the head. In this manner they kill all that they can reach. This chase is more successful when the scene of it lies near a river or mountainous forest, as the antelopes or heath-goats never take to the water, though long and furiously harassed, but rather strive to escape by sudden and vast leaps through the troop of their pursuers. They are, mostly, equally shy of forests. They are no sooner hunted into a wood, than they are bewildered among the trees so as not to be able to move a hundred paces, but run their heads against every tree, and soon fall breathless.

In some other countries, the following method is adopted for taking the gazelle: A tame one is trained to join those of its own species, whenever it comes near them. When the hunter discovers a herd of these animals together, he puts a noose around the horns of the tame gazelle in such a way, that, if any of the wild ones touch it, they get immediately entangled. As soon as the tame animal approaches the herd, the males advance to oppose him, and, in butting with their horns, are caught in the noose. Finding themselves entangled, they make a desperate struggle for liberty, though all in vain; for the hunter is crouching not far off, and he immediately falls upon them and secures them. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

MINNIE LEE.

FOR "THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME."

ONE sunny morn in early spring,
 Our little Minnie Lee
 Beheld the blue-birds come again,
 And fly about our tree.

"Oh, look, mamma! how beautiful!"
 Cried little Minnie Lee;
 "I'll carry them some crumbs of bread;
 How hungry they must be!"

And so she took a kitchen-chair
 ('Twas bigger far than she),
 And trudging slowly placed it there,
 Beneath the spreading tree;

And had to stand on tiptoe too,
 So small is Minnie Lee,
 Ere she could safely put the crumbs
 Just where the birds might see.

Then taking kitty in her arms,
 "O pussy dear!" said she,
 "You must not touch the pretty birds
 That sing about our tree."

Now when she wears her bright-blue frock,
 And laughs in childish glee,
 We say she is a blue-bird too, —
 Our little Minnie Lee.

D. F. A.

"THE LIBERTY WHEREWITH CHRIST HATH MADE
US FREE." — GAL. v. 1.

You are all now thinking about Independence day, children. A great many of you have bought already your little pistols, and fire-crackers, and roman candles, with which you mean to celebrate the day. You hear a great deal of talk about our free country, and what a glorious blessing it is to be free. You feel freedom in your very limbs, and in your happy active motions. What, then, should you say, were any one to tell you that you are *not* free? The girls all would look puzzled. The boys would begin to dispute the matter: yet it is even so. We are not all free.

We are, as the Bible expresses it, slaves or servants of sin. Sinful habits have a stronger dominion over our souls than ever George III. had over the American colonies. You have only to think a little to see that these words are true. Let each one of you remember his own besetting sin. Let each one recollect how many times his friends have talked to him about that fault, and asked him to strive to overcome it. Think how many times you have tried to do better, and have failed. Do you not see *now* that sin is very hard bondage, and that the chains with which it has bound us are very hard to break?

But these chains can be broken. They must be broken if we would be happy here and hereafter. There is a "liberty wherewith Christ hath made" all those free who will follow him. You have tried, and tried in

vain, to conquer your faults. Have you ever asked God's aid to help you to overcome them? If not, pray and try *too*, and the chains of sin will begin to fall off. "Christ hath made us free." He came on earth to show us the true way of repentance, to show us how sunk we were in sin and wickedness, and to bid us look up through him to God, who would deliver us from bondage and oppression, if, while we strove to do better, we would ask his blessing on our efforts.

And how glorious is this gospel liberty! We know that the growth and prosperity of our nation has been unparalleled. We foretell for her a great and noble destiny, and yet these are but a faint emblem of the growth and destiny of the soul that Christ has made free. How will it, in its gospel-freedom, rise towards heaven! How will it fulfil for itself the noblest destiny of human nature!

Fill your hearts, dear children, with this Christian idea of freedom. Make your souls free from the bondage of sin. Then will the independence we shall celebrate hereafter be indeed glorious, if the American states are guided and governed by those who can govern themselves — if the gospel freedom is in the heart and shines through the actions of our rulers. Resolve that you will do your part to hasten that distant day, which may dawn for us. You, boys and girls, are to take your part as rulers or influencers of this great people; and, if you do not break the chains of sin *now*, advancing years will only fasten them more firmly upon you.

Think of this on Independence-day; and, while you thank God for temporal freedom, pray for the spiritual liberty which alone can preserve our nation. ED.

OUR BABY BROTHER.

WHEN mother went to live in heaven,
With angels good above,
A baby-boy to us was given,
To win our tender love.

He never missed a mother's care,
The tiny, tender pet,
Or knew the loss we had to bear, —
Which made him dearer yet.

He scarcely learned on us to smile,
Or knew we loved him so ;
For very soon he drooped awhile,
Then left his home below.

We laid him by dear mother's side ;
Where, on their quiet beds,
The violets in spring will hide
Their pretty, modest heads, —

And thought how happy she would be
To fold him in her arms,
In all his infant purity,
With all his baby-charms.

And so for him we do not weep, —
Our angel baby-brother ;
But in our hearts his memory keep,
With that of dearest mother.

H. S. H.

BOLTON ABBEY AND WHARF DALE, ENGLAND.

BUT we will hasten down the dale to Bolton Abbey, six or seven miles below Skipton. This Bolton is a village of great resort; it belongs to the Duke of Cumberland, and in the summer season thousands visit this place, as it is one of the richest treats in the dale. First, visitors enter the grove in which is seated the abbey and a mansion, and a smaller building, all close to the bank of the river. In this smaller building lives a family which has the charge of the mansion, and attends to the visitors, who are furnished by them with keys. These keys open all the gates as they pass from one wood to another, and to the spacious park, to the water-falls, to the beautiful bridge thrown over the river. The walks are broad, made of fine gravel; and one leads up to the moss-house, built for visitors, as a dining-room and resting-place. It is quite a fine room, with seats all round, and a table in the middle, from off which they can get a comfortable dinner, and in the centre of the wood.

After they have rambled about from one scene to another, they make their way to what is called the Strid. This is a natural bridge, which is formed by the ponderous rocks that hang over the river, meeting each other within about a yard, so that a person can step over this great river: this is the reason why it is called the Strid. Standing on the Strid, and looking up the river as far as the eye can reach, the water is seen rapidly rolling over rocks, making a foam white as snow, and roaring like the Falls of Niagara! And as the water rolls down, the

rocks become higher and higher, and nearer and nearer, until they come close as above described.

Some years ago, the Boy of Egermont, heir presumptive to this estate, while paying a visit to this place, made an attempt to step over this Strid; and having a pet dog which he was leading by a chain, the dog did not leap at the same time, and thus the boy was dragged back, and, losing his balance, was dashed into the boiling river, pulling the dog after him, and both were drowned.

After leaving the Strid, and following down the path, on the bank of the other side, we then come to another gravel walk which leads into the spacious and beautiful park; and after opening the gate, and climbing a little hill, the park appears in full view. It is bounded by the river on the south, and all around the other sides by a far-stretching wood; and nearly in the middle is a round hill, about three hundred feet in diameter at its base, and about sixty feet on the top, so that many persons can sit down and view the scenery. On this hill, Fairfax planted his cannon, with which he battered down the celebrated abbey, the largest and most noble ruin in the whole dale. What makes this ruin more interesting than usual is, that the old worshipping apartment is still standing, and used for worshipping purposes. It is not a large church, but is kept very clean; and all the seats are made of black oak, and made to shine, so that the image is reflected back from the panels. The duke keeps a priest, who lives close by in the village. Two great arches are standing, which stretch over the walls, serving, both as butteresses and supporters of the roof. The one stands close to the worshipping-place, and the other at the extreme of the ruins; rising, I judge, ten or

twelve feet above the walls, and sixty feet apart, which prove that, when enclosed, it was a ponderous building. It is said, that an excavated passage from the abbey to the park was cut in the day of its glory, but is now rendered impassable by time and circumstances. There is also a water-fall, from a brook which falls into the river, and which can be seen when standing at the ruins. It falls about forty feet, clear as glass, and produces a most delightful foaming in the river. The mansion is not open to visitors; but the garden and the walks below the mansion, down in the grove, are free for all who feel a wish to see them. Not much attention is paid to the garden or walks; but their present appearance indicates that once they formed a pleasant sight. — *Altered from the Ladies' Repository.*

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 26.

Tuesday morning, July 30. — Kitty has a headache to-day. She makes a dreadful fuss about it. We went in to play with her a little while; but, in the midst of the play, she did nothing but *fret, fret, fret*.

Ah! when I wrote that, something whispered to me, "*Annie, you such a fretty child, and tell your Journal such a tale about Kitty!*"

Of course, it wasn't a real whisper, but it was a very *loud thought*; at any rate, it is a very *interfering* thing. I don't keep a Journal just to tell it of my own faults. I am sure all the story-books for us children tell of lots of faults in the boys and girls they know.

"I *shall* write about Kitty; and so, Loud Thought, you may just be quiet."

"O mother! my head aches so! O mother! put some cold water on it, won't you, please? O mother dear! do give me some more medicine!" (I don't wonder that Kitty teazes for more medicine, such sweet little pills as those just in cold water; but she teazes for every thing else beside.) "*Mother* dear, I am so hot!" "*Mother*, can't there be another window open? *Mother*, may I lie down a little while? *Mother*, won't you please to make my pillow smooth? Oh! I wish I had some drink! and I wish I could be fanned! Oh dear!"

Every time I heard Kitty fret out "*Mother*," I thought of our mother, and I wanted to say, —

"Kitty, suppose you didn't have any mother, and should have a horrid long scarlet-fever without any mother, and had a cross Mrs. Lane to make you keep still, no matter what you wanted."

I kept thinking so, till I did not want to stay any longer. Mrs. Lowe was very kind. She told Kitty she would take the pain herself, if she only could, because she thought, as she was so much older, she could bear it patiently. Our mother used to be very kind too; but I never thought of daring to fret to her. Oh, how kind she used to be! I ran to find my cape-bonnet, and called Susie for a walk. Just then, a strange girl in the entry spoke to me.

"Won't you show me the *roared* down to the beach?"

She was almost a large girl. I was glad she spoke to me; for I thought she might be like some of the new acquaintance they tell about in stories. Very likely,

she might tell me something quite interesting, and we might become great friends. So we walked along, and presently a great covered wagon came passing by us. The man who was driving called out to her not to be gone very long. When I asked her who that was, said, —

“He is my father, and them’s our folks in behind.”

“Is that your father’s carriage?” Susie asked her.

“No, it haint *his’n*, it’s Mr. Broad’s team. He lent it to our folks.”

“Who is Mr. Broad?”

“Oh! he’s a neighbor of ourn. He lives right next to our *haouse*. He keeps four oxen and horses, and twenty *caows*.”

It sounded so funny that at first I tried not to laugh; but then I saw Susie look up into her face with such a great long, sober, astonished look, saying very slowly, — just as she did, — “twenty caows?” — and I could not help laughing; at least I don’t think I could.

She looked very red, just as I felt when Kitty Lowe stared at me so that day, and that reminded me. I was just as impolite as Kitty, — yes, I certainly was. Let me see; what did I write in my Journal that day? That I couldn’t, — never would do such a thing; now I have done it; and very likely the next thing will be to *fret, fret, fret*; but not to my mother, if she were alive again. I *know* I should never do that.

Afternoon. — To-morrow we have got to go home. Mrs. Ashton and Susie, and that kind, pleasant lady with us; and my clean clothes haven’t come yet. Oh! I guess they have now; for I hear Susie’s darling little feet patting on the stairs, and she is singing, “Annie’s

pretty little trunk." "Tell Annie, — little trunk — Come, Annie, come."

Yes, the trunk and a letter from father and Emelia. Mrs. Ashton says : "It should have been here two or three days ago. Annie dear, we will at least be glad that you can go home clean. Now you shall have a real refreshing *dress-up*."

Thursday morning, Aug. 1. — At home. Oh, how long it did take to get here ! So many things to tell Em. and May ; and I wanted to see Eddie and Eva, so that it seemed as though the ride would never end. And when I was almost there, I remembered how I dreamed the night before that mother was alive at home. She was the last time I went away. Then I wanted to turn and go directly back again, — just as I always do. I was determined that even May should not see the tears ; but Eddie did : he looked right into them with his great serious eyes, and then he went away. I guess his eyes know what tears mean ; but they are beautiful eyes if they do. You were a good little Eddie not to tell of me ; and perhaps I will comfort your tears away the next time they come.

Saturday evening, Aug. 24. — May and I have been to spend the day at aunt Mary's. Generally, I have *such* a good time there ; but to-day it was a miserable, mournful time. Before dinner, while aunt Mary was busy, we played under the old pear tree, and knocked down pears, and made a merry noise. Then we went through the gate, and climbed down into the rocky old cellar, where the fire used to be once ; and where the little elm-trees, and the blackberry-vines, and the hop-vines, grow now. There we played castle, and hid our

lunch, and made a great deal more noise. Lucy Linnet kept saying such funny things; and then we all laughed as loudly as we possibly could. We played all the queer plays and sang all the funny songs we could think of. At dinner-time we were so hot and wild, that we did not half smooth our hair, and looked, uncle Edward said, "very breezy" when we went to the table.

After dinner. — Just as I had got into uncle Edward's big rocking chair, all nicely settled down with a charming story-book, in came aunt Mary. She had her work-basket all ready to sew, and she asked me if I did not bring any sewing. I didn't want to say yes; but I had to. I wished I had only been down in the old stony cellar again with May and Lucy; but I could not help remembering that Mrs. Clare told me to finish that pillow-case for her. How *pro-vo-king*.

"I don't like to see a little girl spend the whole day in nothing but play. Besides I want you to talk with me a little, and entertain me while I sew.

"Annie, you must learn to be useful now as Emelia is; and remember how much there is to be done at home. You are old enough now to do a great deal of good at home."

F. E. H.

(To be Continued.)

THE coldest hour of the twenty-four is five in the morning, and the warmest is from two to three in the afternoon. The mean heat is from half-past eight to nine. The greatest range is in July, and the least in December. —

Selected.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

WE are sorry to find, as we go round in the world, that so many children, and large children too, are ignorant of the most common facts in our own history. Every child of eight or nine years old ought to know why Independence is kept; and to what great man, under God's blessing, we owe it. It would be a good plan for fathers and mothers to withhold the shining *quarters* and half-dollars until you could tell them all about it. It makes us smile to think that so many boys hurrah and fire crackers, and do not know why they do it. Some poor little children have no friends who can instruct them; but this is not the case with you. Now, we should be very sorry to have you lose your spending-money; so we will tell you why the Fourth of July is celebrated; and then, if you read the magazine *through*, as you ought to do, you will be in no danger of any such dreadful penalty.

You all know that Congress makes our laws, and that this Congress is composed of men, sent from all our States, and called *representatives*; because they *represent*, or tell to each other, what the people in their State think will be best to do. The English have such a Congress, which is called Parliament; and from all parts of the kingdom, men are chosen and sent to it. Now, when the United States were colonies of England, and were considered as a part of it, they thought they ought to send representatives to Parliament too. But King George III. did not think so, and he made a great many unjust laws, and imposed a great many taxes on them; and finally, because they complained, he sent soldiers

among them to keep them from complaining. Quarrels frequently arose between the Americans and the soldiery; and, at last, on the 19th of April, 1775, the first battle was fought at Lexington.

The Americans had long been thinking of independence; of throwing off the power of King George, and of governing themselves; and, at last, they determined upon this step. The Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776.

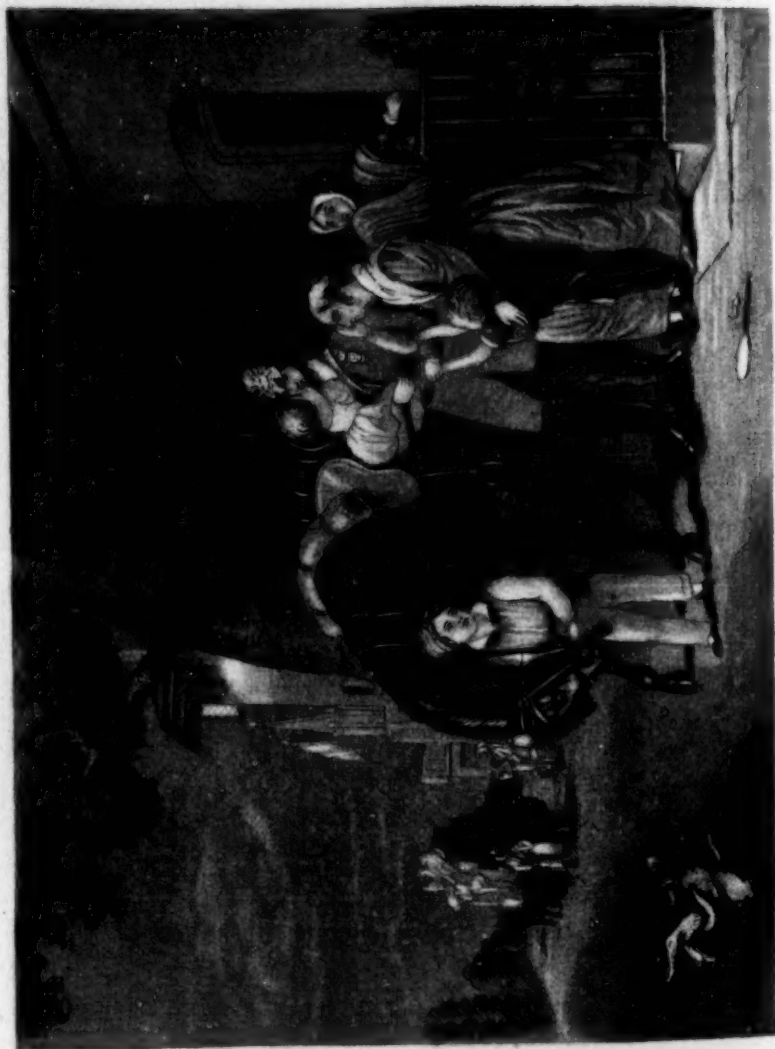
This is why the day is observed; but, after the Declaration, the Americans were obliged to fight to maintain it. The good and wise Washington, by his courage, his firmness, and his prudence, guided the army through seven years of hardship, of trial and suffering, till at last the British were forced to retire, and the stars and stripes floated over a free people.

Let me advise all my young readers to make themselves familiar with the history of their own country. It is full of interest; and, from the time of its earliest settlement to its independence, it shows how much may be done by persevering energy and industry; and how God helps those who help themselves. Without firm trust in him, our fathers' hearts would have faltered, their cheeks turned pale, and their high purposes have fallen to the ground. But they were strong, because they felt that they were in the right, and knew that God would protect them.

Don't forget again why we celebrate the Fourth of July; and thank God, when the sunrise cannon wakes you, for the lives of our noble countrymen, —

“Who sleep on glory's brightest bed
A countless host.”

ED.



THE WHITE WEDDING

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THE PARTING.

WHAT a sad thing it is that there is any quarrelling in this world; and what a pity that kings and powerful men fall into disputes, which they think necessary to end by wars, which cause so much unhappiness and bereavement to thousands!

So thought little Meta Hauffman, when her mother, with faltering voice, told her that a war had broken out; and that, in a week, the good colonel, her father, must leave them, to return not until the war was ended, and perhaps never more. She cried so that she could scarcely see the needle with which she was hemming a handkerchief for him. But Master Augustus, two years older, viewed the matter in a very different light.

"Ah!" said he, "if papa is going, I will go too. I have the little sword which my grandfather gave me; and I will fight."

"And suppose you were to go and fight, and kill some one's father or brother, what then?" asked his mother. Augustus turned pale.

"I never thought of that," said he. "But then my papa fights," he continued, after a minute's pause, "and why may not I?"

"Your papa was made a soldier by your grandfather; and, when he was young, it was not considered so wrong to fight as it is now. Your papa would gladly have left the army long ago, had he known how to pursue any other kind of business. Besides," added she, "your bravery and your sword are needed at home. What

would become of your grandmother and sisters and myself, if the French were to pass through our village. You must stay to defend us."

Augustus was only partly convinced by this reasoning, although he loved his mother. He girded on his sword, and marched through the house during his play-hours, and at night his dreams were of battles and victories. He saw the tears stand in his mother's eye often, and observed his father's manly voice tremble as he spoke of his departure, and frequently surprised Meta shedding tears quietly in a corner, without the less desiring to become a soldier.

On the morning of the colonel's setting forth, Augustus watched the saddling and equipping of the beautiful black horse, and admired his father's military dress and waving plume. But, at the silent breakfast, when he noticed all the sad faces, his own grew less bright; and when the noble horse was brought to the door, and all came out to bid the father good-bye, when little Agatha put her arms round his neck, Augustus could no longer wish to be a soldier. He stepped forward, and patted the horse's head, and held the handsome bridle, and felt that his heart would burst. But the car with the baggage had already gone on, and the colonel could stay no longer. He gave a last embrace to his weeping family, charged Augustus to take his place as far as he was able, and, in a few minutes, joined the soldiers from the village.

Whether he ever came back, we know not. Perhaps there is another picture, which, at some future time, will tell us all about it.

ED.

THE

CREATION OF THE JOHN'S-BERRY, OR CURRANT.

LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

IN a quiet, rocky valley, far away from the world, dwelt John, the son of the desert, who was sent to lead back the wandering. He travelled far and wide upon his mission, and the glowing sun poured consuming fire into his veins; yet he never thinks—intent upon a higher duty—of the care of the body.

At length his human nature was overpowered by thirst and heat; and, deeply exhausted, he sinks upon a rocky bank. He looks around, but there is no hand to relieve; no food nor drink; no fountain nor fruit.

He sighs, yet he looks up and says: "Nevertheless, the Lord will not forsake his instrument." His foot and arm are wounded by the thorns, and his blood flows in clear, warm drops down upon the bush. Soon he fell asleep, and dreamed of a bright future in Paradise, and of the love of the mighty One who was to come after him, and for whom he vigorously prepared the way.

Meanwhile the bush clung with joy to the sleeper's breast; for it was quickened and adorned, since it drank the prophet's blood, as no beam of light and no spring-time could have caused.

Then, as if strengthened by gentle night, John awoke refreshed; and—oh wonder! the green foliage is adorned with glittering rubies: berries bright, red, and clear, as the pure fountain from whence they sprung, joyfully encircle the bush.

Then the prophet sinks upon his knees in prayer, and, with childlike love and gratitude, sips the refreshing juice of the ripe fruit, which will remain as an ornament to the bush for ever; and to this day it is called the John's-berry, or currant.

E. J. D.

A VISIT TO THE MER DE GLACE.

A VISIT to the *Mer de Glace* is among the most notable of all excursions in the vicinity of Chamouni. To accomplish this task well, something more than half a day is necessary. The guide provided us each with a mule for the occasion, as well as one for his own use. We started from our hotel, alpenstock in rest, at a pace as rapid as we could coax our beasts to achieve; for we proceed at first a mile or more in the valley. But, when we commenced the ascent of Montanvert, our long-eared friends had hard work of it. The path up the mountain is often very steep. We sometimes encountered a place so nearly perpendicular, that it seemed as if the beasts could not possibly climb it. But, in some way or other, they managed to overcome all these obstacles. One who is unaccustomed to Alpine travel can hardly help getting tolerably frightened, now and then, at the exploits of his mule. It not unfrequently happens, that the path we are to pursue is an exceedingly narrow one, cut on the slope of the mountain, with huge rocks projecting on the upper side of the path; while, on the other side, there is nothing but a declivity so steep that I shudder at this moment at the bare thought of it. It is worse than useless to attempt to guide the

mule. If you do not let him take his own course, you may get yourself into a "sea of troubles."

At times, while for rods the beast is obliged to walk on the edge of a frightful precipice, we feel instinctively a disposition to pull the rein on the upper side, especially as these animals, accustomed as they are to carry bulky as well as heavy loads up and down the mountain, always take the very extreme verge of the precipice, so as to avoid the contact of their loads with the rocks above them. It is surprising how sure-footed these creatures are. I do believe, that, in many instances, while going up Montanvert, a single misstep of my mule might have sent us both rolling, like the fragments of an avalanche, at no very moderate speed, for half a mile, at the very least calculation. I leave the reader to imagine with what emotions he would look upon the possibility of such an adventure. For myself, I own, that, until I got accustomed to the apparent danger, I could not muster a sufficient amount of courage to set myself up as a respectable hero, though I had learned to keep quiet before I had proceeded half-way to the summit of Montanvert. The ascent occupied a little more than two hours. We found a house of entertainment on the mountain, where we left our mules, and proceeded on foot a short distance down another slope of the mountain, until we reached the valley which is occupied by the Mer de Glace. This, as its name signifies, is a large sea of ice. If my memory serves me faithfully, it is some forty miles in length; and its width, in some places, is nearly three miles. You will stare when I tell you that its depth varies from forty to five hundred feet. This ponderous mass of ice diminishes somewhat under

the influence of the warm sun in the summer season; yet the amount which it loses in bulk is scarcely perceptible, and the return of the cold season makes up the deficiency. We found the surface of this ice-sea cracked into innumerable fissures, some of which presented no little obstacle to our progress. Our visit to this spot was several weeks earlier than it is ordinarily visited by foreign travellers; and our guide informed us, that navigation on the sea, for any considerable distance, was not perfectly safe. We teased him to conduct us across to a fairy island, called the *Jardin*, where, in July and August, so well exposed is it to the rays of the sun, grass and even flowers flourish, as if by magic, right in the very domain of winter. But the careful fellow peremptorily and steadily refused to do such a thing, shaking his head meaningly, as he protested, *Je vous conseille de ne pas aller*. The Swiss guides, I believe, if we except those who escort adventurers on an excursion to the top of Mont Blanc, — a foolhardy enterprise, in prosecuting which any one deserves to lose his life, — uniformly exhibit great caution, and seem not very ambitious to win the hero's laurels for themselves or their patrons. This guide of ours, at all events, showed timidity enough to satisfy the greatest coward that ever played the tourist in these regions. It required some address to leap over the chasms made by the cracking of the ice; some of them were five or six feet in width; and the way we crossed them was to plant the spur of the alpenstock firmly in the ice, and then vault dexterously over to the opposite side. I liked the sport exceedingly; and it was not till long after the guide, having exhausted all his other means of persuasion to induce us

to proceed no further on the sea, actually turned back, and began to retrace his steps towards the shore, that we abandoned the expedition. Some of these chasms were of frightful depth. It made us shudder, at first, when we tried the experiment of dropping huge stones down the throat of one of them. It was a long time, I do assure you, before these stones found a resting-place; and, when they did find one, the low, rumbling sound they made almost caused our blood to run cold in our veins. The ice of which the Mer de Glace is composed is not perfectly pure, but is mixed with earthly substances, and presents a bluish color. The Arviron, indeed, a stream of considerable size, which takes its rise from this vast field of ice, exhibits very much the same color. It is a turbid stream, discoloring the Arve, into which it flows; and, when the united waters of the two rivers fall into the Rhone at Geneva, they are so impure that that noble river, just emerging from Lake Lemman, disdains to mingle with them.

Strange as it may appear, scarcely any thing was known of the sublime scenery of this district of country beyond the narrow limits of the vale of Chamouni, until the year 1741, when Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham visited it, and explored the country around it. They cut their names and the date of their visit on a stone near the edge of the Mer de Glace, which was pointed out to us. — *Woodworth.*

IN seeking to do good, we get good; in seeking to make others happy, somehow or other we are almost sure to become happy ourselves. — *Sunday-School Gazette.*

INJUSTICE REBUKED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Emperor Cam-Hi, one of the early sovereigns of China, having wandered away from his companions during a hunting expedition, fell in with a poor old man, who was weeping bitterly, and appeared overcome by some more than ordinary affliction. The emperor, touched by his grief, approached the old man, and, without making himself known, inquired what was the matter with him.

"The matter?" replied the old man. "Alas! my lord, were I to tell you, it is an evil for which you can provide no remedy."

"Perhaps, my good friend," returned the emperor, "I can aid you more than you think for. Inform me in what way you are troubled."

"Since you would know, it is the superintendent of one of the emperor's summer residences, who, finding my farm, which is near the royal mansion, to his taste, has taken possession of it, and reduced me to my present state of poverty. He has gone farther. I had but one son, the staff and support of my old age. He has taken him from me, and made him his slave. That, sir, is the cause of my grief."

The emperor was so struck by this recital, that, thinking only of punishing a crime committed under his name, he at once demanded of the old man how far distant they were from the palace in question; and, being informed that it was only a mile and a half, said he would go with

him to entreat the superintendent to restore him his property and his son, and he did not despair of persuading him.

"Persuading him!" replied the old man. "Ah, sir! remember what I have just told you, that this man belongs to the emperor. It is not safe for either of us to approach him with such a proposition. He will treat me the worse for it, and you will suffer some insult, which I beg you to spare yourself."

"Be not disturbed," returned the emperor, "I am bent upon going, and I trust our success will be greater than you anticipate."

The old man, upon whom the emperor's confident tone made some impression, no longer resisted. He merely objected, that, being overcome with age and infirmity, and on foot, he could not keep up with the horse on which the emperor was mounted.

"I am young," replied the prince: "mount my horse, and I will go on foot."

The old man would not accept the offer.

The emperor then proposed to take him up behind him. The old man still objected, that, as his poverty placed it out of his power to procure clean linen and garments, he should be in danger of soiling those of the prince.

"It is of no consequence, my friend," was the reply. "Mount freely: I can easily change my clothes."

He at length mounted behind him, and the two proceeded to the palace. He had no sooner arrived when he inquired for the governor, whom he accosted sharply, —

"Well, sirrah, what do you mean by cheating this

poor man out of his property, and then taking from him his son?"

"Who are you?" said the superintendent angrily: "who dare to question me thus?"

The emperor drew open his hunting-dress, and displayed the embroidered dragon which it concealed.

"Do you know me now?" he inquired sternly.

The faithless officer fell upon his knees, and entreated the royal clemency.

"Is this the way," said the emperor, "that you discharge the duties of the office to which I appointed you? Enough, you are unworthy to remain in it an hour longer. Surrender your keys instantly to this worthy man, whom you have wronged. He shall be your successor. Your goods are confiscated to the state. I will spare your life, but only that you may be a living example of the manner in which the emperor punishes injustice."

"And you," he continued, addressing the old man, who stood bewildered as he saw revealed the true rank of his companion, "beware lest you abuse the power I commit to your trust, lest another may one day profit by your injustice in the same way that you profit by the faithlessness of this man."

The old man, restored to happiness, and a greater measure of prosperity than had yet been accorded him, exercised with wisdom and liberality the power which had been delegated to him, and, in every respect, merited the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign. A.

“SHOW US THE FATHER.”

WE often forget to see God in those works of his that are every day telling us of his power. While our lives pass on quietly and placidly, we forget how, each moment, we are dependent upon him. When some one of these daily blessings is taken away from us, that we had grown so accustomed to, that we believed it was entirely our own, we begin to ask who it was that gave it to us, and find our only consolation in Him who gave, and has taken away, what we so much loved.

The disciples, who were listening to the last words of Jesus, were dismayed at the thought of being left without him. For they felt he was leaving them, like a flock without a shepherd. They wanted to follow in the way he was going, and asked him if they would know the way. And Jesus told them that he was going towards the Father, and that he was the way that was to lead them towards the Father. Philip said to Jesus, “Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” And the answer of Jesus was, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that speaketh in me, he doeth the works.”

And these words Jesus spoke not only to Philip, but to all those disciples who, at times, may feel as these disciples were feeling, deserted and alone. He had been with them, giving them his strength, teaching them a new life; and now he was going to leave them alone. Very often, now, are his disciples left seemingly so

deserted, with one blessing after another taken away; so that, eager to find a protector, they are led to exclaim as Philip did, "Show us the Father." For they already feel that there is one God, who will never change, if they can only find him. Philip knew that there was such a Father; for Jesus had taught them all how to pray to him, and that he would answer their prayers. But Philip was not satisfied with this, and asked for the visible presence of the Father, as we, in hours of doubt and trial, look around for some visible support to aid us.

We cannot look upon Christ, as Philip did, when he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." A great many years have rolled away since then; but we have still his words, which Jesus said, he spoke not of himself but from the Father. And these words bring us near to him, in our hours of deepest sorrow. We hear from Christ that God is a spirit, and that his kingdom is to be found within ourselves. The whole life of Christ, and all his many words, show forth to us, more and more distinctly, the Father. They show us how the Father cares for the least of his creatures; how he listens to and answers their prayers. The search for all other knowledge is very lone and mean, unless it helps in this, the knowledge of God. David, in his hours of greatest inspiration, exclaims that he cannot attain unto it. Jesus tells us to learn of him, and seek in his words and works how we may find the Father.

It is hard for us to keep God continually in our hearts, because we are not pure in heart, and so we have no place for him. If sorrow and trial help to purify us, then shall we find ourselves drawing nearer to him. But his daily kindness to us should also bring us towards

him. If God is the Father and Friend, before the evil days come, then the disciple of Christ knows where to turn, when other friends fail him, and learns to rest upon the arms of One who will always protect him.—*Sunday-school Gazette.*

AUNT DEBBY'S CONVERSATION WITH HER
NEPHEW.

"I DON'T care!"

"Don't care came to a bad end," remarked Aunt Debby, glancing up from her knitting.

"Really, aunty, do you believe it?"

The old lady looked over her spectacles again. "So they used to say when I was young, Albert."

"I hope it isn't true, aunty; for Mr. Don't Care is a friend of mine."

"Is he, Albert!" I wouldn't have any thing to do with him. There is a large family of the Don't Cares; but not one is very agreeable or amiable, and most are very bad companions. There is one, both mean and false, who tries to appear indifferent, because he has not the grace to be ashamed. In his case, 'I don't care' only means 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I won't.' Another means, 'I am angry with somebody.' Another is ill-tempered, and never sorry for annoying others. I hope such characters are not your friends."

"I hope not, too. But, Aunt Debby, isn't there one straightforward, independent fellow, among them, who goes on his own way pleasantly, but doesn't mind if others find fault with him?"

Aunt Debby laid her hand softly on the boy's head,

and looked into his laughing eyes. "Don't let yourself be deceived, Albert. This very independent personage is apt to be conceited and selfish both. His mother, may be, asks him to do, or not to do, something. 'I don't care; I'll take my own way.' Isn't he selfish? And isn't it rather conceited in him to imagine he is wiser than his elders?"

"Well, aunty, if one is really right, and the boys laugh and try to make him do wrong, mayn't 'Don't Care' be a safe companion then?"

"I would not trust him, even then. It is nine o'clock; run to bed now, and to-morrow examine all the 'Don't Cares' you meet, and see if you like their character; and then I will tell you why I do not like the very best of them all. Good night."

Albert was on his way to school the next morning, when he met one of his companions. "Where now, Sam?" he asked.

"Going down to the brook; come along. It is frozen hard, and we'll have fine sliding."

"No, it is too near school-time; we shall be late."

"I don't care!" was Sam's reply, as he went on. Albert gravely shook his head, as he looked after him. "That don't care is a bad one," he said; and then he ran to the school-house. The boys were collected around the door, snow-balling. He joined them, and played merrily a little while; then the master arrived, and the bell was rung. One last volley of snow-balls was interchanged between the contending armies, and then they scampered in.

"Look here, James," said Albert; "you have hit poor little Willy Monroe, and knocked him down."

"I don't care; he might have kept out of my way," was the answer. But James *did* care; for he stopped to help the child up, brushed off the snow, and gave him a rosy-cheeked apple to console him.

Albert shook his curly head again. "I don't fancy that 'don't care' either," he thought. Oh, the number of those gentry that Albert encountered this day; it seemed to him as if they came oftener than usual, and not one did he find either amiable or unselfish. But, at last, just as school was done, he came across one he liked better. "It is snowing again," said one of the girls, in a sorrowful tone, as she watched the soft white flakes falling one by one.

"I don't care!" shouted her brother. "We'll have all the more fun; so come along, Jenny." They were going the same way as Albert; and he had already called out, "Hold on, Dick! I'm coming!" when his attention was attracted by the words, "I don't care!" pronounced in a very decided way. He turned around. The speaker was a merry-looking, dark-eyed girl, of a dozen years old, who held by the hand a younger child, and seemed to be addressing another girl of her own age.

"Don't care for what, Isabel?" he asked.

"Why, poor little Clara Parker has no one to go home with her to-night. No one is going that way but Mary Barnard; and she will not take her, because her hood is so old, and her cloak patched. She says she wouldn't be seen walking with such a beggar; and *I* say that I wouldn't be seen walking with such a vain thing as Mary Barnard. So I'm going home with Clara myself; I don't care for the old cloak!" and she stooped to kiss the child.

"Well, you'll catch it when you go home, Belle Preston," retorted her opponent. "Your mother said she'd punish you next time you came home late."

"I don't care!" was the instant rejoinder. "I'd take a whipping, —not that I should get it, though, —any day, rather than leave a child of six years old to go so far alone. Come, Clara!"

"No, Isabel; let me go with her," said Albert. "Aunt Debby won't mind my being late."

"My father won't mind, either," answered Isabel; "and I don't care two snaps for Mrs. P.'s lectures. I dare say I may go without my supper; but that's nothing." And, as Isabel would go, Albert accompanied her, not only to Clara's home, but afterward to her own.

"So, Miss Belle!" was the first greeting, in a sharp tone; but then Mrs. Preston caught sight of Albert, and her voice became more gentle. "You've been to the squire's, have you?"

"No, ma'am; I've been to Mrs. Parker's, to take little Clara home. I didn't think she ought to go alone. O Albert! stay to supper!" she added, quickly, seeing the preparations; "don't you love cream toast and hot gingerbread?"

Mrs. Preston was not always hospitably inclined; but Mr. Bryant, Albert's grandfather, was the most respected, if not the wealthiest, man in the village; and, besides this, she prided herself on her skill in cookery. So she repeated the invitation which her stepdaughter had already given; and Albert, who suspected that his staying would prevent Isabel from losing her supper, consented. He went home directly after tea, and found

his grandfather and Aunt Debby just sitting down to their supper, after waiting half an hour in vain for him.

"O Aunt Debby! I'm sorry you waited; for I've had my supper at Mr. Preston's."

"Never mind; come, and eat some more," said his grandfather; "boys always can eat two suppers, and the buckwheat cakes are capital."

"So they are, grandpa. Aunt Debby always makes things nice; but I think one supper will be enough to-night."

"Isabel asked you to go home with her, I suppose," said Aunt Debby, handing her brother the second cup of cocoa.

"No, aunty, I asked myself; and, when I was there, they invited me to stay, and I did."

"You like to go there, I fancy," remarked the old gentleman. "Very agreeable people, eh?"

"I like Deacon Preston, sir, and Isabel. I like her better than any of the school-girls. But I don't think Mrs. Preston is very agreeable; she speaks sharply, and scolds at Belle. She says she doesn't care," added Albert, looking at Aunt Debby with a merry twinkle in his eye, "and I really think she doesn't. But I wish she had a pleasanter mother."

"Her own mother was a good woman, if ever there was one," said Aunt Debby. "I don't think Isabel gets her high spirits and her sauciness from her, though she does her dark eyes and sweet voice. Albert, will you go and carry a basket to Mrs. Wild? and, when you come back, we'll have our talk."

(To be continued.)

THE SEARCH FOR A FAIRY.

" I'm weary, dearest mother,
 Wearied in frame and mind :
 I've been searching for a fairy,
 And never one could find.

" I peeped into the roses,
 And many a busy bee,
 Taking his fill of honey,
 Your Nellie chanced to see.

" I oped the violet's eye-lid,
 The fairy folk were gone :
 An ant beside it plodded,
 Bearing its load of corn.

" Then to the pond I hastened ;
 And in the lilies white
 I found the sweetest fragrance,
 But not a fay in sight."

" Ah, little Nell ! the fairies
 Must touch your careless eyes ;
 Then you will see them ever,
 With new and sweet surprise.

" The bee within the rosebud
 Was fairy *Industry* ;
 The plodding ant, her sister,
 Was quiet *Energy*.

“ Fair *Innocence* was folded
Within the lily cup ;
Its fragrance, like *Forgiveness*,
A rich perfume, went up.

“ Let these sweet household fairies
Be ever at your side,
To keep you from temptation,
To love, and cheer, and guide.

“ Then, better than a fairy,
Within our home shall dwell
A loving, gentle spirit, —
Our own dear daughter Nell.”

ED.

A DAY AT MESSRS. BROOKS'S COTTON MILL,
AT MELTHAM MILLS.

(Concluded from p. 15.)

THE most wonderful, however, of all the machines in these wonderful mills is the *self-acting spinning-jenny*, which performs all the operations alluded to above, without any help from the hand of man. We must look at it, and so mount our steam-horse again, and rise to the next room. There it is at full work, no one helping it ; the dumb machine doing, as it were, both the thinking and labor. How cunningly it is devised ! how admirably it performs its duties ! It never makes a mistake, and is never wearied ; but continues to work all day long, in the same precise, accurate, and methodical manner. It has taken twenty long years of thought and

toil to bring it to the state in which you behold it. All the motions are performed with an exactitude that no manual labor can equal. The yarn is spun, twisted, and rolled on the spindle; the cop is built in its proper form; and all these operations are carried on by the agency of that shaft which you see, and its dependencies.

Let us now follow the cops to another part of the works. Look you, here is a large iron chest, or rather a great cistern, piled with baskets full of them. What is going to be done with them now? We shall see. The doors are suddenly closed, and the cistern is thus made air-tight. A man near by turns a tap, and there is forthwith a rushing and roaring of steam, as it penetrates into the cistern, and through every fibre of the yarns, softening and moistening them, so that they will not double up and kink when they are made into twist. They are now taken out, and are ready for winding on the bobbins, whilst they are yet warm and moist. We shall not, however, pause to describe this process. One hundred bobbins are filled at once, each of the same length, when they are doffed off by the girls, and put into a basket to be further dealt with. The operations seem endless, and no one would imagine that it required so much trouble and skill to make a spool of cotton. There is no time for reflection, however; and we are hurried along by the never-ceasing machinery to the next process, by which the yarn is turned into thread.

This is carried on in a large room, containing thirteen thousand spindles, which are superintended by young girls, whose pleasing faces, picturesque dresses, and active movements, increase the animation of the scene.

After undergoing this process, the bobbins are carried

to the reeling-room, to be made into hanks, which is done as follows: The machine consists of a long-spoked cylinder, fifty-four inches wide, with spindles attached, upon which the bobbins are placed perpendicularly to the reel, so that they turn round and unwind as the reel revolves. The ends of the thread are fixed to the spokes of the reel, which carries the thread along with it during its revolutions, and forms it into a hank or skein, with any number of threads in which it may be required; the number being regulated by an *index* placed on the axle of the reel, so that the reel may be stopped at any moment.

The hanks are now taken to the *bleaching-works*. Many hundred weights of thread in hank are scattered in piles around the room, according to the different stages through which they have passed in their progress towards bleaching. See, here is a batch of brown thread, just as it came from the hank-reels. It is now thrown into a huge caldron full of boiling water, with soap and potash dissolved in it. It remains there until nearly all the coloring matter in it is discharged, when it is taken out, well washed, and afterwards put into a large vat filled with water and chlorine, where the coloring matter is changed by the acid. After steeping for some time here, it is again taken out, washed well, and put into a solution of sulphuric acid and water. It is afterwards washed with pure soap and water, so that every brown speck is taken out of it; and, as a final process, it is drawn through a vat of clear spring-water, mixed with the extract of indigo, so that the white ground may appear clear and brilliant. It is now subjected to *hydraulic pressure*, freed from all superabundant fluid,

and carried from thence to the *stove*, where you see it hanging upon poles until it becomes dry, being literally "white as the driven snow."

We must now follow it again to the mills, where it will have to be regularly ironed. This is done partly by machinery. There are two powerful dressing-machines, with triangular pipes attached, filled with steam, and two rollers moving perpendicularly up and down. A number of girls, busily engaged in their various occupations, are near it; and one amongst them takes hank after hank of the thread, and puts them over the end of the pipe and roller. The latter moves upwards and downwards, as before described, stretching out the thread from the pipe, until every crease in it is drawn quite smooth, and the whole hank is made straight and lustrous. It is now passed over to a table in the same room, where it is separated into smaller heads, neatly doubled up in hank, and packed in parcels of ten pounds weight each, when it is ready for the market.

The process by which the thread is wound upon spools or balls, such as are purchased in shops, is also a very interesting one; but we have already gone sufficiently into detail. We may remark how gratified we were to observe the care taken to give the public exact measure, a notice being posted up to the following effect:—

"NOTICE. — *Winders shall pay one shilling for every bobbin that has five yards less than ordered, and sixpence for every bobbin that has more than ordered. Those who are habitually guilty of these irregularities shall be discharged.*"

Such is a sketch of this wonderful process of cotton-spinning. It would have been easy enough to have

written a lighter and more dashing article about it; but the object has been to describe the manufacture, and to convey some idea of the complicated machinery used in it. Little do the ladies of England imagine, as they sit at work in their quiet parlors or magnificent drawing-rooms, at sewing or embroidering, how many thousands of persons are employed, how many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended in machinery, to provide for them the material of their occupation.

The general appearance of the hands, — men, boys, and girls, — employed in this manufactory, we found very satisfactory, both as regards health and dress. As regards the schools attached to the works, we never saw pupils better trained. Their qualifications varied from simple addition up to algebra; and there were pupil-teachers in the school who were really masters of the first four books of Euclid. Their geographical and historical attainments were equally creditable. The whole scene was as well calculated to disabuse a visitor of the error once prevalent, that there is a necessary connection between manufactures and moral and intellectual degradation. — *Leisure Hour*.

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH. — "I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of every thing we have?

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 27.

I WAS very angry. I didn't want to do good at home. I wanted to read my story-book, and play, and have a merry time. I didn't want to hear Aunt Mary talk. She told me things I didn't like to hear, — how hard father worked, and how much money he must spend for all of us; how willing Em was to help Mrs. Clare, who had too much to do. Then she said, "I heard that you were growing selfish and forgetful, Annie; I hope not." I was wondering who told her that, and she said, "A little bird of the air whispered it to me."

Little birds make people happy, *I think*. *They* don't go about telling tales of children, and making their throats and heads ache with shut-up tears. Then Aunt Mary looked at me, and said, "Annie dear, I hope you are not forgetting your mother?"

As soon as the tears would let me, I told her that mother never made me work so, and never told people of my faults. "Then, my little girl, you must remember her kindness, and try to be the more thoughtful and helpful now."

Just then, a lady came to call upon Aunt Mary. While they were talking, she looked at me, and presently said, "Do you not think Annie very much like her mother?"

"She will *grow* like her, I hope," Aunt Mary said.

"Her eyes and forehead are like her mother's," the lady said.

I was glad of that; but I was more glad to have them stop looking at me, for I couldn't see a single stitch I

was taking upon the miserable work, and my throat ached so I couldn't breathe. I thought I must run away; but I was afraid to do that. Oh! how glad I was when May and Lucy came in, and took their work, and Aunt Mary began to tell us some pleasant stories!

Sunday morning, 25. — I wrote about Kitty's naughtiness; now I must punish myself, and write about my own. Saturday night is the time for people to be good. It is so beautiful to be already for Sunday, with a quiet, happy spirit. Mr. Earniste used to tell us so. But last night I went to bed real wicked. I went to bed, and tossed about, and cried, and cried, — it isn't very pleasant to think about; but I can't forget it. When I came home from Aunt Mary's, Mrs. Clare asked me to put Eddie to bed; and, at that, all my bad feelings came back again. I was tired and unhappy; but she said, "Now, Annie, you may as well be pleasant; for I want you to do it every night, if you live." She always says, "if you live."

"I shall not do it; for I shan't live if I have so many, many troubles. I shall die, and I don't care; I hope I *shall* die." I was all out of patience, and I spoke very loud; but I do not think it sounded so wicked to *God* as it did to Mrs. Clare, for I did feel just as if I *could* not live. I know if he is my Father, he would be very sorry for me when I was unhappy. But I kept thinking, "Oh! how *came* God to let my mother die? There is nobody else in all the world to love me and comfort me; and I don't believe *she* will love me, if I feel so. They find fault with me the whole time. They keep me doing the things I *hate* to do. I know they cannot love me, and so how can I want to live?"

And so I went to sleep, not sorry for my wicked spirit; only sorry that I had so many troubles, and no mother to comfort me. And so I suppose the angel over the left shoulder shut up his book, and sealed up that page with all my angry thoughts written upon it. Now I don't know what I shall do. Go to Sunday-school the first thing, for there is May all ready. F. E. H.

"THEN SHALL WE KNOW, IF WE FOLLOW ON TO
KNOW THE LORD." — HOSEA vi. 3.

CHILDREN'S duties are generally very plainly marked; but occasionally a conscientious child finds himself in doubt. He does not know which of two courses to take. One seems right; but yet that will make a great deal of trouble for him, perhaps will gain him the ill-will of his school-fellows. It will not be *very* wrong for him to do the other, he thinks. Which course shall he take?

The Bible tells us that we shall *know*, if we follow on to know the Lord. That child must sit quietly down, and think about it. He must ask God to direct his decision; and, if he decides aright, he will bravely bear the consequences, because he will have the approval of conscience.

The next time, it will be far easier to determine his duty; because, if we do God's will, he gives us a clearer knowledge of our duty. If we "*follow on* to know the Lord." One good deed alone will not help us to the knowledge of spiritual things. We must constantly endeavor to regulate our conduct by God's law. Our

every effort must be to do right. We must not turn aside for a small pleasure, or be wearied in well-doing; but *follow* on upward and onward.

You have heard or learned of those high mountains, round whose sides the clouds are constantly rolling; but, when he reaches the top, he enjoys perpetual sunshine, and sees the clouds gather far below him. This is a type or emblem of progress in the Christian life. While we *follow on*, clouds are about our pathway, and sometimes make us lose our way; but, if we persevere, we shall surely reach the mountain-top, where we shall *know*, because we shall be in the immediate presence of the Lord.

In another respect, the Christian life is like the ascent of a lofty mountain. We must take a guide. That guide, in ascending the mount of holiness, is the Bible. That will be a lamp to the feet when the clouds are around us; and, by its light, we shall *follow on* to the perfect day.

Children, will you not climb this mountain? If you begin now, it will be far easier for you to reach its top; your light steps will pass safely over many a snare that would engulf older travellers; your little heads will pass beneath the brambles that would tear the faces of your elders. It is steep; but light now and then falls from its summit, through the clouds, that makes it seem like Paradise. God will give you strength for the way. He has promised it, and he will perform it.

Onward, onward, then, young pilgrim!

Try that steep and thorny road:

Thou art clothed with heavenly armor,

And thou drawest strength from God.

LITTLE ALICE.

'Twas a bright and lovely morning
 When our little Alice, true
 To her brother's earnest warning,
 Sought the chickweed bathed in dew.

"Wait not till the sun shines hotter,"
 Said he, as he went away;
 "Bring my birds fresh seed and water,
 Tend them faithfully to-day."

So she hasted, warm and glowing,
 And the cage with verdure drest;
 By her ready kindness showing
 Prompt obedience is best.

Then she knelt beside her offering,
 And exclaimed with voice of glee,
 "Birdies dear! methinks you're proffering
 Songs of gratitude to me."

But not all my task is ended,
 You have brothers — sisters *two*,
 That, though elder, must be tended;
 To be faithful, all I'd do.

Mother says the child who rightly
 Acts her part in cares so small, —
 Looks upon no duty lightly, —
 Will in time be true to all.

ELLA.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

WILLIAM MEARS lived near the seashore. The beach was long and sandy, and extended a mile in length each side of the small brown house which he called his home. It was a strange little building, and as close to the beach as the grass and trees would grow. A tall pine-tree sheltered it on the south, and in winter mingled its deep sighs with the sullen roar of the ocean. Behind the house was a patch of ground called the garden, where grew the few garden vegetables which formed the main support of William and his mother. The children of the village, a mile distant, were too far off to be Will's playmates; and most of his leisure hours were passed on the beach. Sometimes he found the Irish moss from which blanc-mange is often made; sometimes beautiful shells were left by the receding waves; and sometimes great leaves of kelp, which he delighted to spread out on the sand, to their fullest extent. Then he was really useful in gathering heaps of seaweed, which is used in some places to fertilize the soil, and which was, at certain seasons, put upon their little garden patch.

William loved his mother very much; but she was a careworn, dejected woman, too dispirited to enter into any of his plays, or to respond to his laughter by any thing but a faint smile. So the ocean was his playmate. He shouted with glee as the surf thundered upon the shore, and laughed when the wave broke in gentle eddies round his bare feet. He often sat on the beach for an hour, dreaming of things he would do when a man, and

thinking of his father, — his father, over whose fate a cloud of mystery seemed to hang.

He did not remember him; but there was a curious little profile-picture, which hung in their sleeping-apartment, and which his mother had taught him to call papa. And then he remembered one day, when his mother had cried very much, and some one had come to comfort her; and after that day his mother always cried when he spoke of the picture or his father. He wondered too, why, when there was a great storm, and he was delighted to watch the surf boil and foam on the sand, his mother was very sad; and, when the creaking of the pine-boughs woke him in the night, why his mother was always awake, listening to the howling sound.

One day, when he had been indulging his reveries longer than usual, he heard some one call him, and hastened towards the house; where, to his surprise, he saw a tall, thin woman, standing at the gate.

"Do you know where Dr. Miles lives?" she asked. "'Cause your mother's sick, and I dun no 'xactly what ails her; and I guess you better go after him, and praps he'll fetch you back in his wagon."

Willie stopped to ask no questions. He only seized his straw hat from the fence, and ran as fast as he was able. The doctor had never crossed the threshold of their dwelling. His mother sometimes had a headache, and he often coughed; but a tea made of some of the herbs in the garden had always cured both pain and cough. So alarmed was he at the thought of his mother's illness, that it was only after having found the doctor, when he was seated in the wagon on his way towards

home, that he began to wonder who that woman was who had sent him for Dr. Miles. It was no one who lived in the village: he was sure of that.

William was not allowed to go in and see his mother. He was told to watch the horse, lest he should run away and, after about a quarter of an hour, the doctor came out, climbed into the vehicle, and rode away. Willie flew into the house; but the strange inmate was not to be seen. He opened the door of his mother's bedroom, but was met by the warning figure of the tall woman, who stepped out and closed the door behind her.

"What does the doctor say about my mother?"

"He says she is very sick, and you must not make any noise. I am going to stay here to take care of her."

Willie, though eleven years old, had seen so few strangers that he did not like to talk with them. He did not even dare to ask this new-comer what her name was. He only watched her with great curiosity, as she went about some of the household operations, and seemed to know where the cooking utensils were kept just as well as his mother did. Willie thought her the most wonderful woman he ever saw; for she went so rapidly from the sick-room to the kitchen fire, and back again.

At last, dinner was ready. Probably, during the meal, the stranger observed Willie's eyes fixed upon her; for she suddenly turned upon him, and observed, "I s'pose you'd like to know who I am?"

"Yes'm," responded Willie, surprised at the abrupt question.

"Well, I'm your father's step-sister. Did your mother ever tell you any thing about your father?"

"She always cried; she couldn't speak about him," answered Willie, half afraid of the quick, decided tones of his interrogator.

"Then maybe you don't know what became of him?"

Willie shook his head. He trembled a little; he knew not why. At last the mystery of many years was to be explained.

"Well, it's about seven years ago, that he went off in a ship named the 'Undine,' and the vessel never was heard of. So your mother always thought he was lost at sea; but there is a story, in the paper, of a ship that touched at an island where vessels don't often go, and there were some sailors there that had been wrecked several years before, from a ship called the 'Undine.' This vessel was to take them off in the morning; but, in the night, a fresh wind sprung up, which carried them out to sea, and at daylight the island was out of sight. I thought I'd come, and let your mother know about it; and she went right into a faint, and I couldn't bring her to; and so I sent you for the doctor."

After Willie had washed up the dinner-dishes, which he did as nicely as any little girl could do, and ascertained that his mother was no worse, he went to sit down on his favorite smooth stone on the beach, and think over his aunt's strange story. Perhaps his father was alive, and would come home; and then his mother would be happy and well again. But his aunt had said ships seldom touched the lonely island; and it might be many years before he came. Besides, his father might have been drowned with the sinking wreck, or have died in that distant spot. But, with all the uncertainties and

perplexities attending the strange rumor, Willie firmly believed that some day or other he should see his father.

The long, slow days of summer went by, and Willie's mother was no better. His aunt still bustled round in the sick-room and the kitchen, mended his torn trousers, Willie knew not when, and made him useful in every way. Autumn came, and Willie thought the fresh bright wind would cure his mother; but still she looked like the flowers the frost had touched, and drooped and faded, till the balmy breath of the Indian summer fanned the brow of the dead.

That was a desolate time for our poor boy. His only friend, his best friend, was dead, and he was left alone in the world, — alone, but for the strong conviction at his heart that he should find his long-lost father.

"Willie, what's to become of you?" said his aunt not unkindly to him, as they sat near the embers on the night after the funeral.

"I'm going to sea, aunt. I'm going to try to find my father."

"Going to sea! Going to find your father! The boy is crazy, I believe. Why, what a wild-goose chase you will have. The name of the island was not given, and it isn't sure he'd be there, if it was."

"I love the sea," answered Willie; "and I always meant to be a sailor, when I was old enough. I had rather be a sailor than any thing else."

"Humph!" said the aunt. But, after a few moments' consideration, she thought he might as well go to sea; and so she told him.

The little house by the beach was soon sold, and

Willie was taken to his aunt's home, and fitted out for sea; and then she went with him to the city of New York, where she had some friends, one of whom knew of a ship that was bound on a long whaling voyage to the Pacific, and he took Willie to see the captain.

The captain thought him rather small for a sailor; but he was pleased with Willie's face, and finally agreed to take him as cabin-boy.

"Hark ye! my lad," cried he, as Willie was about leaving the ship to sign the necessary papers, "I hope you don't swear; for I have neither bad words, nor any stronger drink than coffee, on board of my vessel."

Willie assured him that he never used profane language, and had never tasted any other drinks than milk and water.

"Then we shall agree there, my fine fellow," said the captain; "and mind, be on board early Wednesday morning, and we'll show you what a cabin-boy's work is."

With a fine breeze, the 'Sea Eagle' left New York on Wednesday morning; and, in a few hours, the shores of New Jersey were lost to sight, and Long Island was a cloud in the distance.

We shall give our readers an account of some of Willie's sea-experiences, and of his future success, at another time.

ED.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS MAN? — Chemically speaking, a man is forty-five pounds carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. — *Quarterly Review*.

THE OPOSSUM.

THE opossum is about the size of the common cat; but its long hair makes it appear much larger; head similar to that of the fox; ears large and naked; mouth deeply cut, and opens wide; tail long and tapering, towards the body hairy, the rest covered with scales, very prehensile, suspending the animal; legs short; toes five, with strong curved claws; color gray, or a mixture of black and white.

The opossums are exclusively inhabitants of America. There are six or eight species of the family, some of which are found in nearly all parts of the continent. The largest and best known is the Virginian, and to this our description applies. The opossum is essentially a nocturnal animal, prowling about during the night, and living on such small quadrupeds and birds as it can catch; sometimes visiting the poultry yard, and making terrible havoc among the inmates. When they cannot obtain flesh, they eat fruits and other vegetables. They are capital climbers, for which their sharp claws and prehensile tails are well adapted. Sometimes they suspend themselves by the tail from the branch of a tree, watching for some luckless bird or squirrel, that may come within their reach. Like squirrels, they leap from tree to tree with great agility.

In confinement they are tame and amiable, but uncleanly and disagreeable. When attacked in the woods, and finding no other means of escape, they roll themselves into a ball; and, if on a tree, will fall to the ground,

and then pretend to be dead, though unhurt, and ready to run away the instant it can be done safely. If the young happen to be in their nest at such times, they also simulate death; and it is stated, that no infliction of pain, within the bounds of humanity, will make them either show the least signs of life. This is what they call playing the "possum," in the western country. They are exceedingly tenacious of life, so that in Virginia there is an adage, "If the cat has nine lives, the opossum has nineteen." These animals treat their young with the greatest affection, receiving them into their wonted place of protection on the least alarm; and, when there is no time for this, the little ones wind their tails around that of their mother, and thus all escape.

In its adult state, the crab-eating opossum attains a size fully equal to the Virginian species. Its head and muzzle are much more elongated; and its tail exceeds the length of its body and head combined. The general color of its fur is darkish brown. The long slender muzzle usually terminates in a black tip.

This species appears to be the most common of those which inhabit South America. It is found in great plenty in Guiana and Brazil, climbing trees with facility, but running slowly and with an ill grace. It prefers marshy situations, or the neighborhood of the sea-coast; and feeds, like the other species, indiscriminately on the smaller quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, and fruits. But it is said to have a particular fondness for crabs, whence the derivation of its name. Its flesh is commonly eaten by the natives, who assert that it is similar in flavor to that of the hare. — *Selected.*

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A STORY OF THE SEA.

(Continued from p. 70.)

WILLIAM found that a sailor's life is a busy one; but he liked active exertion, and could soon climb the shrouds like the most experienced of the crew. He soon became a favorite, as he was brave, manly, and ready to oblige. He occasionally ventured to ask the second mate some particulars concerning the voyage, but he seemed to be both ignorant and indifferent. Finally, one afternoon, when there was little to do, and the captain was standing on the quarter-deck smoking, Willie advanced as far as the railing, and, taking off his cap, bowed respectfully to the captain, and stood waiting. Presently the captain came to the side of the deck near which Willie stood.

"Well, my lad?"

"I thought, if you please, sir, I should like to know something about the voyage."

The captain emitted a huge puff of smoke with a peculiar whistle.

"That's something new for a cabin-boy to ask. So long as a sailor can be at sea, he does not generally care much in what direction he sails."

"I knew we were bound for the Pacific, but I did not know which part."

"Oh, the North Pacific," answered the captain.

William bowed, and turned away. He did not like to ask any more questions; and the island on which the crew of the Undine had been seen was in the South

Pacific. He knew, however, that they must double Cape Horn, and sail through the South Sea, before they could reach the whaling grounds; and he tried to think that the lonely island might be in the course of the vessel. Every clear night he fixed his eyes on a group of stars that had always shone down upon him as he looked out from his bed at home, and they seemed to comfort him. But as he looked night after night, these stars sunk lower and lower in the horizon, and one night he watched for them in vain. Willie was sad at heart. He had lost the last familiar object. He questioned an old tar concerning their disappearance.

"Why, we're too far south for the Dipper, lad. We'll see it again by-and-by, after we've doubled the Cape. But there's the finest cluster in the sky—so those who know about such things say;" and he pointed to four brilliant stars. "That's the Southern Cross. I love to look on't. Somehow or other it seems to me that God has put it there, so that the sailors, crossing these lonesome seas, may be comforted at the sight. I never told anybody what I thought about it before; but you seemed to miss the Dipper so much, that I reckoned this Cross might be a comfort to you. You read the Bible, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! Mother used to talk to me about it. I wish *you* would, when you can get a chance."

Old Paul promised; but the time for fulfilment came very seldom. They were now nearing the Cape; and, although it was the summer season there, the weather was intensely cold, and every hand had to be ready to meet the sudden and violent squalls of that tempestuous region. Willie's aunt had given him what she con-

sidered an abundance of warm clothing; but he often shivered with the cold, and Paul made him take an old pea-jacket which belonged to him, telling him, that if they stopped at Honolulu, he would go on shore with him, and buy one to fit him.

The Cape was happily doubled without any violent storm, and northward went the ship. Every morning Willie hoped that they might make some island, and every night he lay down disappointed. At last the Dipper came in sight again. He hailed it with joy, and he felt his hope of finding his father revive; but it suddenly died out as he heard the captain tell the mate one day they were very near the *line*, as the sailors call the equator, and he knew he must give up his hope till all those great barrels in the hold were filled with whale fat, and the vessel was homeward bound. Old Paul noticed his dejection, and tried to cheer him; but the boy, communicative to his old friend on other subjects, kept his darling project locked in his own breast.

He was standing disconsolately on the deck one day, splicing an old rope, when he heard a sailor on the mast-head shout, "There goes flukes." The deck was instantly alive. The captain shouted to the man at the mast through his speaking trumpet, the crew flew to unlash the boats, and the mates hastened to the storeroom. Willie gathered from all the commotion that a whale was in sight, but he had scarcely time to think. Now the captain needed him, now the mate, and again he must help to lower the boats. He wished to go in one, but the captain did not order him; and he knew it would be useless to ask, and only hoped the encounter with the sea-monster would be near enough for him to see.

But there were many things to be done after the boats put off, and Willie hurried through them, and gazed at intervals after the two dark receding specks on the blue ocean. At length he saw two columns of mist, as he thought, rise from the water; and a sailor, standing by, said, "Yon's the whale; now for it!" There was very little breeze, so that the few on board could watch, for several minutes together, the contest between the boats and the whale. Willie saw a harpoon darted, in a state of breathless excitement; then the whale disappeared, and the boat rushed through the water as if propelled by three or four steam-engines. Then the animal rose again, and a harpoon was flung from the second boat. Willie heard the loud "Stand clear" of the mate, as the whale, after a few seconds, rose in agony, and lashed the waters into foam with the strokes of his tail. This seemed so awful to Willie, that he shut his eyes several times, but opened them again, unable to control his desire to see the end. The boats came back towing the mighty carcass after them, and full of glee. They had escaped without the least accident.

For two years did they thus course through the ocean; sometimes many weeks without the objects of their search, and again capturing several whales in the course of a short time. But at last the barrels were full. The last whale had been caught, and the hull of the heavily laden vessel sunk deep in the water. Two years had given Willie much experience. He had two or three times been out to take the whales, and his calm courage made him a most valuable hand in a storm. But two years, while they had browned his cheek, added height to his figure and strength to his frame, had not

made him forget the island of the South Pacific; and his last act, before seeking his hammock each night, was to pray with his eyes fixed on the beautiful Ursa Major, that he might find his father.

After a three weeks' sail, the vessel touched at Honolulu, and Willie went one day with Paul to get refitted on shore. The intimacy between the two had ripened into a firm affection, almost like that between father and son, and Paul had often hoped they might go many voyages together; but when he said this, Willie always shook his head. After purchasing the necessary articles, as there was still much time left, they wandered along looking at the shipping, and entered into conversation with some sailors, who said their vessel, a fine-looking bark, was bound for Australia.

Willie's heart bounded. If the captain would only transfer him to that ship! He asked leave to go on board, which was readily granted. Willie saw there a boy of his own age, who was loud in his complaints of a sea-life. He had been at sea for four months, and said the vessel was going to Australia, then to China, and that they should not reach America for nearly a year. Willie wisely refrained from mentioning his plans, but he hoped to be able to make an exchange with the discontented youth.

He said not a word to Paul; but that night he asked leave to speak to the captain in the cabin, and made known his request. The captain stared in surprise.

"Why! Will, what makes you uneasy? I thought you liked us all."

"And so I do sir, but" —

"But what?"

"I have a good reason for wishing the exchange, sir; but it is not because I am dissatisfied. You have all been very kind to me, but I want to go in the direction of Australia."

The captain saw that the boy's heart was set upon it; and after rallying him a little about gold digging in Australia, and saying he should be sorry to lose him, he promised to see the captain of the Nautilus, and endeavor to make some arrangement.

The captain of the Nautilus was not sorry to part with the fretful boy who had annoyed him for the last four months; and the next day but one, Willie left the Sea Eagle, and his old friend Paul. Paul would fain have gone with Willie, but his heart clung to his daughter at home, and he parted with the boy with more tears than he had shed for many a day. Willie climbed the sides of the Nautilus just as the Dipper emerged from the twilight, and felt nearer his father than he had ever done before.

ED.

(To be continued.)

THE saying, "going through fire and water" to serve a friend, originated in this wise: There was a text among the ancient Greeks, known as the ordeal of fire and water, which, being transplanted to Germany, was used by the Saxons in England, until abolished by Henry III., 1261. The ordeal by fire was confined to the upper class of people, that of water to the lower, and might be undergone by deputy; hence arose the saying, "I am willing to go through fire and water to serve him."

THE JERBOA.

THERE is an exceedingly curious family of quadrupeds, belonging to the kangaroo tribe, called the jerboa. These animals use their long hind legs only in walking, — or rather leaping, for they can scarcely be said properly to walk at all, — and with their fore legs they take their food to their mouth, and dig their holes in the ground. They principally inhabit warm climates. Those who are familiar with their habits say that many species frequently leap some eight or ten feet at a time; and the cape jerboa is said to be able to leap more than twenty feet at a bound. You have probably seen stuffed specimens of the jerboa in museums, and perhaps some of you have seen the animal alive. I saw two of them at the Zoological Gardens in London, in the summer of 1852, and was as much interested in them as in almost any animal I saw there.

The jerboas inhabit dry, hard, and clayey ground. They dig their houses very speedily, not only with their fore feet but with their teeth, and fling the earth back with their hind feet, so as to form a heap at the entrance. The burrows are many yards long, and run obliquely and winding, but not above half a yard deep below the surface. They end in a large space or nest. They have usually but one entrance; yet, by a wonderful sagacity, the animals work from their nest another passage, to within a very small space from the surface, which, in case of necessity, they can burst through, and so escape.

The sands and rubbish which surround modern Alexandria are much frequented by the jerboas. They live there in troops, and, in digging the ground, are said to penetrate even through a stratum of soft stone, which is under the layer of sand. Though not actually wild, they are exceedingly restless. The slightest noise, or any new object whatever, makes them retire to their holes with the utmost speed. It is almost impossible to kill them, except when they are taken by surprise. The Arabs have the art of catching them alive, by stopping up the outlets to the different galleries belonging to the colony, one excepted, through which they force them out.

On the approach of any danger, they immediately take to flight, in leaps six or seven feet high, which they repeat so swiftly, that a man mounted on a good horse can scarcely overtake them. They do not proceed in a straight line, but run first to one side and then to the other, till they find either their own burrow or some neighboring one. When surprised, they will sometimes go on all-fours; but they soon recover their attitude of standing on their hind legs, like a bird. When undisturbed, they use the former posture, then rise erect, listen, and hop about like a crow.

The Arabs of the kingdom of Tripoli, in Africa, teach their greyhounds to hunt the antelope, by first instructing them to catch jerboas; and so agile are these little creatures, that Mr. Bruce, the English traveller, has often seen the greyhound employed a quarter of an hour before he could kill his little adversary; and had not the dog been well trained so as to make use of his feet as well as his teeth, he might have killed two antelopes in the time of killing one jerboa.

We are told by an Italian gentleman, who passed some time in Egypt, that he had six of these animals confined in a cage of iron wire, and that the very first night they gnawed asunder the upright and cross sticks of their prison. He says he was under the necessity of having the inside of his cage lined with tin.

Major Mitchell, in the eighteenth volume of the Transactions of the British Linnæan Society, gives the following interesting account of the jerboa he met with in Australia: "We had frequently, during the course of our travels, remarked large piles of dry sticks and brushwood, each of them big enough to make two or three good cart-loads, collected and heaped together in different situations, and evidently designed for some particular purpose. For a long time we imagined them to be the work of the natives, who are in the habit of communicating the intelligence of any strange or uncommon event to distant tribes, by raising dense columns of smoke in different directions over the face of the country; and we fancied that these were their rude telegraphs, kept ready for immediate use, when an occasion seemed to require it. A more minute examination, however, soon convinced us of our error. We found, in fact, that the materials were not thrown carelessly together, as would naturally have been the case had they been collected by the natives for the purpose of burning, but that each stick and fragment was curiously intertwined and woven with the rest. The whole formed a solid, compact mass, so firmly bound together, that it was absolutely impossible to remove a part without at the same time moving the whole fabric. Our kangaroo dogs also drew our attention more particularly to the

examination of those curious structures, by the constant zeal they displayed in barking and scratching whenever we fell in with them, thus manifestly intimating that they expected to find something inside. At length we broke several of them open, a work of no small difficulty, from the solidity of their structure, and were not a little surprised to find in the interior a small nest occupied by the jerboa, an animal something between a rabbit and a rat, which had constructed this formidable and massive strong-hold to protect itself against the attacks of the native dog." — *Selected*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

THE sparrow finds a home,
The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwellings, Lord, they come
And fold their wings to rest.
And shall we be afraid
Our little ones to bring
Within thy ancient altar's shade,
And underneath thy wing?

There guard them as thine eye,
There keep them without spot,
That, when the spoiler passeth by,
Destruction touch them not.
There nerve their souls with might,
There nurse them with thy love,
There plume them for their final flight
To sacredness above.

REV. W. CROSWELL.

LISTENING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THIS habit was somewhat troublesome to Thomas Walker when he was a boy. One day the apothecary came to his father and said, "Neighbor, I would speak a word to you in confidence;" but Thomas thought, "I will know what it is," and placed his right ear at the key-hole of the door which his father had closed behind him. Soon he perceived that his shoe-buckle was unfastened, and raised his foot to tie the string. But the two in the room were ready sooner than he; and when the apothecary, an active man, opened the door quickly, Thomas fell with his whole length into the room, like a broom which the housemaid has leaned against the door, and has forgotten to take away again. His father did not long ask, "wherefore?" but laid his little son over his knee, and whipped him with a little Spanish cane which the apothecary lent to him for the purpose.

In school, also, listening was not very advantageous to him. He sat there perfectly quiet, and his eyes were fixed upon his teacher; but he bent his head a little upon the left side, and listened with the right ear to the whispering of his schoolmates. Suddenly the teacher asked, "Now, Thomas, where is Constantinople?" and he answered, "On the Tiber;" for hitherto he had followed the teacher in spirit, but now he had left him, and, according to his custom, had entered a side-path. But, as in the Latin school at Hollenried, they always pay in

ready money, so the teacher drew him over the bench, and again dusted his jacket.

Thus Thomas soon remarked that listening is not paid in the best manner; still he would not give it up, and tried it once more when his mother was sick, and could no longer come down, but was obliged to remain in her chamber. After school he went up to her, and closed the shutters, because he remarked that the light pained her eyes. Then he seated himself upon a stool not far from her bed, and listened; and if his good mother only turned her head or arms, he was immediately at her side, and asked if she wished this or that; and, although in her great weakness she could not whisper louder than the evening breeze among the reeds, yet he understood her, and cared for every thing, as if he had learned to wait upon the sick among the sisters of mercy. After six weeks, his mother was well; and, on her first going out, she went to a bookstore, and purchased for her son, "The Poor Henry," with a beautiful picture, as a reward for his listening.

As he now saw that there is a difference between one kind of listening and another, he chose the better part, especially in his later years, when he was a pastor in Frischengrün. And because we cannot always understand the will of the Lord God as plainly as the voices of the criers in the streets, he listened for it as he did formerly for the whisper of his sick mother, and even more earnestly. In this way he attained to great proficiency in it, and very often heard more than other people. Thus he came home once after the hour of prayer, and his little daughter said to him, "Father, the shepherd is taken sick, and longs for thee." Now,

the pastor said to himself, "In an hour, when I go out, it will be time enough; and he seated himself at the table, because he thought he ought rather to write to the consistory than visit the shepherd. But in the first three lines he made so many mistakes that he threw the sheet aside, and took another; and now he made no more mistakes; but at the fourth line he could go no further. Although he rubbed his chin and leaned back in his arm-chair, his thoughts still remained stationary. Now, as according to custom, he held his right ear a little higher than his left, he seemed to hear a voice, saying, "It is better that thou shouldst go where thou art called than that thou shouldst sit here." And he took it for a voice from above, and got up, and went without delay to the poor shepherd. When he returned, his pen flew over the sheet like a shuttle through the warp; and when he read through what he had written, he saw that it was very good.

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AUTUMN IN AMERICA.

THE poets call the Autumn time
A faint and weary man,
Whose life has passed its noble prime,
Whose days are but a span.

Not such the Autumn children know
In this our Western land,
Where health and joy are in the glow
The fresh cool breeze has fanned.

Our Autumn is a merry child,
Who sports among the sheaves ;
Whose gipsy face, so brown and wild,
Peeps out 'mid changing leaves.

The ruddy oak leaf's burnished flush
Lights up her streaming hair ;
Her cheeks are crimsoned with the blush
The bright-hued maples wear.

Her eye with frolic humor shines,
And gleams beneath the lid,
Like the ripe grape upon the vines,
By drooping foliage hid.

Go, dance with this fair woodland mate
Beside the full-eared corn,
Until the Harvest Moon shines late
Upon the waving lawn.

Then shall she whisper, "I am fair ;
But He who made me so
Has beauties far beyond compare
With aught that earth can know.

"Then kneel, ere sleep's dark curtains close,
Thou child of mortal race ;
Pray that thou mayst be one of those
Who see the Father's face."

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN AND HIS SICK MOTHER.

THE following beautiful extract from the "Olive Branch" is copied from the life of an eminent English musical composer : —

"Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own, — one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music. As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a favorite cantatrice, would sing that night at the Temple. 'Oh, if I could only go!' thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with unwonted fire; and, running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house. 'Who did you say is waiting for me?' said Madame M—— to her servant; 'I am

already worn out with company.' 'It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says, if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment.' 'Oh, well! let him come,' said the beautiful singer, with a smile, 'I can never refuse children.' Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M——, and, bowing, said, 'I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would sing only my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother.' The beautiful woman rose from her seat — very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air. 'Did you compose it?' she asked; 'you, a child! And the words? Wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?' she asked, after a few moments of thought. 'Oh, yes!' and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness; 'but I couldn't leave my mother.' 'I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you.' Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid; telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

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“Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came; and the child sat with his glance rivetted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands with joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing — many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song — oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, ‘Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publishers in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and, after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven.’ The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother’s bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God’s blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. And the memory of that prayer

made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, — now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and the fatherless child!"

AUNT DEBBY'S CONVERSATION WITH HER NEPHEW.

(Concluded from p. 53.)

ALBERT went merrily on his errand, and, when he returned, found the tea-things cleared away, his grandfather busy with his paper, and Aunt Debby with her knitting. Neptune, the dog, lay on the rug before the fire, enjoying a comfortable nap; and puss, perched on her own stool by her master's side, was purring sociably.

"Well, auntie! Mrs. Wild is much obliged, and the children are better. 'Nep, you lazy fellow, why didn't you come with me? I suppose you didn't care to, hey?'" pulling the dog's ears gently, as he spoke.

"Did you meet any 'don't cares' to-day, Albert?"

"Oh, yes! a multitude of them," answered the boy,

throwing himself down by Neptune's side, and resting his head upon him.

"And they were nice, pleasant gentry, were they?"

"I guess not, auntie! Rather an idle, selfish, good-for-nothing, set, I thought. But there were some better ones. Bill Curtis said, 'I don't care,' when the master told us the arithmetic lesson was hard. That wasn't wrong, was it?"

"Not if it was true. But 'don't care' seems to imply indifference. Was that the case?"

"Ho! no, indeed. Bill likes a hard lesson first-rate, because he can do better in arithmetic than any of us. He was real glad of it."

"Then it seems he did care, and the speech was only a boast after all?"

"Why, I suppose so. Bill does like to brag how easily he can learn his lessons. Well, Jenny Stevens said she was sorry it snowed; and Dick said he didn't care, because there would be more fun. What of that one?"

"Dick meant he was glad of the snow, I suppose. That was well enough; but it was rather a rude way of answering his sister, especially as she is a delicate girl, and cannot go to school in bad weather. He might have said, 'I am sorry on your account, Jenny; but I love to have the snow.'"

"O Aunt Debby! you will not leave me one friend among them. Now for Belle Preston's." And he repeated the conversation which had taken place.

Aunt Debby shook her head gravely, but spoke not a word until she had picked up a dropped stitch, and knit into the middle of her seam-needle. Then she laid her

work down, and said, in a grave, almost sad tone, "It is a sorrowful thing, Albert, for a boy to be alone in the world, as you are, with no father, mother, brother, or sister."

"I have *you*, Aunt Debby," he answered, affectionately, "and grandfather."

"True, my child; but your grandfather is an old man, and though I am some years younger, I am getting to be an old woman. It isn't always that the oldest die first; but, in the natural course of things, it cannot be very long before both I and your grandfather will be gone, and you will be left alone. I've had this in my mind, Albert, ever since your poor dear father put you in my arms, and begged me to take care of his motherless boy; for I knew then that he himself had only come home to die, as he did in a few months." The good old lady's voice trembled, and she wiped away a tear. "So, Albert, it has been my wish and endeavor to train you to feel, that, however destitute you may be of friends here, you will always have one Friend and Father, who can do more for you than the best of earthly friends can ever hope to do. I have tried to teach my precious child to love God, and obey him, and to be directed in all things by his will.

"But I know very well, that a young heart like yours wants friends on earth too, and I want you should have them, — friends of your own age and condition, girls and boys whom you may play with and study with now, and whose society you may enjoy as you grow older. And I want they should be *good* friends too; such as will help you to do right, instead of teaching you to do wrong. I have been glad to see that your favorite companions

have been well-behaved and industrious, and I hope you will always choose as well. But, Albert, you must not fall into the mistake of thinking a wrong thing is right or excusable, because those you love do it. You mustn't think that Ellis Heywood's being rich and generous excuses his extravagance and carelessness; or that Isabel Preston's saucy ways are proper, because she is so pretty and loving. You must learn to separate the sin from the sinner, — the fault from the one that commits it, and not be induced by your affection for the one to be blind to the other.

"And so, Albert, I think we will not justify Isabel in being rude to her companion, or disrespectful to her mother. I dare say Clara's old cloak made no difference to her; but she would have been glad, for the child's own sake, that it was a handsome one. And if she does not care for her mother's reproofs and commands, so much the worse for her; she *ought* to care, and to profit by them."

"But, auntie," said Albert, willing to excuse his favorite playmate, "Mrs. Preston isn't her own mother, you know, and she is really very, very harsh to Isabel sometimes."

"That doesn't alter her duty, my dear boy. Her father's wife is entitled to her respect and obedience, and she should give it. Mrs. Preston is a good woman, and means to do well by Isabel, though she may not always take the best method with one who has been so much indulged. But, Albert, I don't want to tire you with a sermon, so I will tell you at once what is my greatest objection to these 'don't cares.' They very seldom are true, you know, and they *never* ought to be. It is our

duty to care, not only for ourselves, but for others; and though we needn't allow ourselves to be vexed or disturbed by trifles, or to be angry at things which are not trifles, we should take interest enough in our companions to be sorry when they do wrong, and strive to lead them to do right, Albert," laying her hand on his head, which now was resting on her knee. "Albert, you know who is to be our example, whose life we are to copy. Do you think *He* ever could have said or thought 'I don't care?'"

"We cannot all be like Jesus Christ," said the boy, reverently.

"We can all try, my child; and we can all cultivate his spirit if we will, and try, like him, to care for others, to care for anything, everything, that affects the well-being of others. Can we not?"

Albert's bright blue eyes lighted up with earnest love. "I ought not to grieve that God has taken away my parents, Aunt Debby, while he gives you to me," he said. "I will try to be Christ-like, — to care for others. I will ask my Heavenly Father to help me too; and, auntie, when I begin to say, 'I don't care,' I will remember who never could have said it, and that will prevent my saying it."

Aunt Debby bent down, and kissed the child she loved so well; and his old grandfather, who had laid aside his newspaper to listen, came to his side, and putting his trembling hand on the boy's head, said solemnly, "The Lord bless you, and keep you in his charge for ever! Amen."

A. A.

**"BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS
IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."**

WHOM did Jesus mean by the poor in spirit? He meant those who are humble, who feel deeply their own weakness and sins; those who have none of the pride and impatience which makes us always want to justify ourselves, or lay the blame of our own faults upon other people. The poor in spirit will gladly listen to advice: they do not scorn any help or instruction; for they know and feel that they are not nearly as good as they ought to be, and are very thankful for anything which will assist them to become better. Do you remember the story of the Pharisee and the Publican which Jesus told his disciples? (Luke xviii.) Well, the Publican was poor in spirit, and just in the state of mind to receive the blessing promised to such; but the Pharisee was too proud and haughty even to desire one.

But what is the blessing? What is meant by "theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" The phrase, "the kingdom of heaven," as it is generally used in the Gospels, does not refer to what we call heaven. The misunderstanding this expression, sometimes makes the parables very hard to understand; as when Jesus says, "The kingdom of heaven is like a man sowing good seed," or, "is like a merchant seeking goodly pearls," or, "is like a man journeying into a far country," the meaning may be expressed pretty exactly by saying, "The Christian religion;" though no single phrase can give us precisely the idea which this one conveyed to the Jews. The

Jews, you know, had been, for a great many years before Christ was born, expecting a Messiah or Saviour. They thought he was to be a great king, and reign for ever on the earth; and this happy time which they expected, they called the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of heaven.

But Jesus came to be a king very different from their anticipations. His kingdom was in the hearts of the people, not over the countries of the earth; and to be his subjects was to listen to and obey his teachings, to love and imitate him, to become his disciple. So that when he talks about the kingdom of heaven, or compares it to so many different things, he means his own religion; the truths and instructions he gave, and which really constituted his kingdom. If you read the parables, and many other passages with this idea, you will find it helps you greatly to understand their meaning.

Now, if we return to our beatitude, we shall see that what Jesus means by it is that the poor in spirit are more ready and likely to become his disciples than the proud and vain. The Pharisee we referred to never would have been willing to go to Jesus to learn his own faults, or to listen to his teachings about God and duty and heaven; he was too well satisfied with himself. While if the poor publican, on his way home, had met Jesus, he would gladly have listened to every word he said, and probably have at once become a disciple. Now, I hope, my young friends, you will not skip over all this because it is not a story; for it will give you more pleasure to fully understand this beautiful beatitude, than reading a story can give you. But I will tell you a short story to illustrate farther what we have been speaking about.

One day a new scholar came into Miss Easton's class in Sunday-school. She looked very poor; for, though her clothes were whole and clean, they were far from being new. Her name was Jane Waters. Her father was very poor; and, worse than that, he spent all the money he could earn for liquor. Her mother was well-meaning enough, but very ignorant, and was out washing almost every day, leaving Jane with the two younger children to take care of themselves. So poor Jane had never learnt to pray, to try to be good, to love God and man. She knew how to read, but scarcely ever had any books. She knew there was a God; but she never thought of him as loving her, or having anything to do with her. She had heard of Jesus Christ; but who or what he was, she had a very indistinct idea.

But God had not left this poor child wholly to herself. He had given her a conscience, which made her feel that there was a difference between right and wrong. Though she often said what was untrue, or was selfish and disobedient, she did not feel happy in doing so. She did not know exactly *what* there was wrong, but had often and often longed to go where she could learn what would make her feel just as happy, and look as bright and pleasant as the children she saw going to and from school, or walking to church on Sunday with their parents.

But one day the good city missionary called at her mother's house. He talked to Jane; and, finding that she did not go to school, and could not, because her mother wanted her to take care of the others while she out at her work, he asked her if she would like to go to Sunday-school. Her face brightened, and she answered gladly that she should. Her mother promised to get her

clothes washed and ready for the next Sunday, and Jane took care that she should not forget her promise. So when the school opened, Jane Waters was in the class which had been chosen for her, looking with great interest on all that was going on.

When her turn came, Miss Easton talked very kindly to her, and was glad to find that, though very ignorant, she was modest, humble, and willing to learn. The first lesson she had given her to learn, was the little hymn beginning, "Among the deepest shades of night." This hymn conveyed an entirely new idea to Jane. That God saw her always, night and day; that he heard what she said, and knew all that she did, — the thought terrified her. But as she came to school Sunday after Sunday, and Miss Easton told her what a being God was, — that he was a kind and tender Father, loving and caring for all, even the little sparrow and the field flower; when she learnt about Jesus, and all he bore and suffered that he might teach us about God, and lead us to be good and holy, then the thought of God became very dear to her. She loved to think about him; she longed to please him. She listened humbly when Miss Easton told her of her faults; how displeasing it was to God to have her tell lies, quarrel, and disobey; and then she tried hard to overcome these faults.

She learned to pray, and every morning and night asked God's help and forgiveness. Her teacher gave her a testament, and she loved to read about Christ and his apostles. And then, too, she taught her little brother and sister about him. When they were all left alone together, and they were tired of playing, she would call them to her, and tell them stories about Jesus, and read

to them about him; and she taught them to kneel down, and say their simple prayers to their Father in heaven.

In a year or two, you would hardly have known Jane for the same girl; her fretful, anxious look had gone; she was neat and clean, kind to the children, respectful and obedient to her parents. Not that she never did wrong; her temptations were great, and she often yielded to them, but never without repenting it afterwards. She had truly become a lamb of Christ's fold; she had entered the kingdom of heaven.

But in the same class was another girl, named Anna. It was with a very different spirit that she came to the sabbath-school. She was well taught at home, and had never been tempted to do many wrong things. She never told untruths or quarrelled, or disobeyed openly, though she was often selfish and unkind. But she was proud and self-satisfied. She thought herself much better than those who, without her advantages, yielded to temptations she never felt. She could answer many questions about Jesus Christ, tell where he lived, what he did and taught, and why he came to this earth. She knew about God, and could repeat many passages of scripture, and many beautiful hymns. But what good did it do her? She *felt* nothing on the subject. Christ's life and death were nothing to her, for she had never felt the need of a Saviour. God's love and fatherly kindness were nothing to her, for she had never felt the desire for forgiveness. She never kneeled down to say *from her heart* the prayers she had learnt, or in her own words to ask God for what she wished. When Miss Easton talked gently and kindly to her of her faults, she turned coldly or angrily away; and in her heart she said, "I

am not a sinner; I am as good as any of the girls, and better than most of them."

Alas for the poor child! She was a true little Pharisee, saying in her life, if not with her lips, "I am not as other men are." What wonder, then, that she did not find the kingdom of heaven; that she could not become a subject of the meek and lowly Jesus, nor experience the blessings which he promises to those who come to him with a contrite spirit? "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs," and only theirs, "is the kingdom of heaven."

M. M.

A WALK ON THE SEASHORE.

WHAT a delight it is to boys and girls who do not live near the ocean, when they visit its shores for the first time! Many of our little readers live inland, and have never seen its broad blue expanse, with the snow-white foam curling its bosom here and there. Come, then, with us, and you shall see some of the wonderful things on its shores, in your imagination at least.

How smooth and hard this wide beach is, and how free from stones! There is a large pile of pebbles that were washed up in a great storm some years ago. Let us go and look at them. You know there are said to be "Sermons in stones," and I think one of these will give us a *text* at least. How nicely rounded they are! There is one that is like a marble. How do you suppose it happened to be so round? These stones were once at the bottom of the ocean, but they were not smooth and round. They were rough and pointed, like that one.

The water has washed over them for hundreds of years, and worn away particles so small that we could not see them, till, at last, they are rounded and smoothed. Here are some not so round, that the action of the water has only just begun to polish.

One of our little cousins thinks we are forgetting the *sermon*. Not so. The water has been many years in shaping this pebble. Now we can take a lesson in patience and perseverance from the fact. When we wish to do anything, we must not be discouraged because we cannot succeed the first time. We must try again and again. Little by little has the water rounded the stone.

There is some sea-moss floating in the water. Now the wave has washed it on the shore. Let us examine that, for it is well worth looking at. Put it on this piece of paper, and let us pull out all these little fibres with a pin. How beautiful are all these little branches! It is like a tree, only so small and delicate. Here is another kind that is called kelp. That is like a leaf, and what a beautiful crimson color it has!

Think how wisely and wonderfully God has made the world. These exquisite little creations grow on the bed of the sea, and for years and years have lain unnoticed, till some one, who made a better use of his eyes than any one had ever done before, discovered their beauty.

See! on this rock is what is called a sea-anemone. Its feelers, stretched out in such regular order, are like the petals of a flower. By these feelers it conveys its food to its mouth. It moves but very little; so that it is something like a plant, and something like an animal. Here is another wonderful object of God's creating wisdom. When you grow older, you will learn how the

different orders of things which God has made blend one into another.

See there! Look at that bird! He stoops down to the water, and now he is away again. That is a fishing hawk, and he has just caught a fish. Now he will carry it away to his nest, and feast upon it with his young ones. Here are the tiny little beach-birds, too, fluttering over the water. The birds make us think of Bryant's beautiful lines,

"There is a power, whose care
Teaches thy way along the trackless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost."

Now run round, and fill your baskets with curiosities. Here are some star-fish, with their five curious rays; and here are plenty of sea-eggs of all sizes, and all shades of green and purple. There are a great many little shells, and here are the long strings of black sea-weed, whose bunched projections are used by the little girls for beads. When you have gathered as many as you wish, we will sit here awhile, and listen to the roar of the waves in silence, and let its teachings sink into our hearts.

Here we see God's power, as we never do on the land; here, gazing out on its wide surface as far as eye can reach, we comprehend all our finite minds are able to understand of immensity; and the noise of the billows quiets our angry, noisy passions into peace. Let us sit long, and fill our hearts with the thought of the Mighty One, with whom the ocean is but "as a drop in a bucket," and return wiser and better for its teachings.

ED.

FOSSIL SHELLS.

CHALK is entirely a marine deposit. That white substance is composed of lime and carbonic acid, and may have been precipitated from water holding lime in solution, from which an excess of carbonic acid was expelled. But a large proportion of our purest chalk is chiefly, if not wholly, composed of the remains of corals, zoophytes, shells, star-fishes, and other animal substances; and, in some portions of chalk, relics of sea-weeds appear in great abundance. We can at any time find remains of large shells in the chalk; but never, until the microscope was brought to bear upon the crushed or perfect shells which form the grains of this material, could we imagine how many myriads of these lay hidden to the human eye. Ehrenberg ascertained the wonderful fact, that a cubic inch of chalk may contain upwards of a million of the fossil remains of perfect shells and corals. Little does the thoughtless wanderer on the shore think to what small animals he is indebted for the portion of earth on which he is walking. That chalk, too, will, if burned, make as good lime as the hardest marble. Many buildings have been made of chalk. Thus the abbey of Hurley, in Berkshire, England, and its parish church, anciently a chapel, are said to be made of chalk; and the remains of these are as fresh and unimpaired as if the builders had been men of the last century. Many other deposits besides the chalk consist largely of marine remains, and sometimes stand far away from the present

boundaries of the ocean, containing still traditions of the sea. But the extensive and magnificent range of chalk cliffs along the southern coasts of England are among the most remarkable to be found in the world.

Among those patriarchal cliffs, some of the commonest fossils may be found at any time; but we may chance to find of the rarest; for, however carefully any portions of cliffs may be examined, the frequent fracture, and constant wearing of the surface, leave fresh parts yet unstudied. The shells contained in the chalk are often similar to those which are washed up by the waves, and are at once recognized as familiar things; but they are found to be different species from those now in our seas. Oysters, scallops, and various other common genera, abound there; while there are also many which, even at a glance, we know to be different from the shells of the present times. The shells found in the chalk are chiefly two-valved species. But perhaps the shells most easily described to a reader unacquainted with these objects are those of the nautilus and ammonite. The ammonite is altogether extinct in our seas; yet it must once have abounded there, for in some limestone districts the marble is almost wholly composed of its shells. The ammonite (*Cornu Ammonis*) was so named from its fancied resemblance to the horn of Jupiter Ammon, and it varies in size from a most minute shell to one of twelve or fourteen feet in circumference. This coiled shell is well known in geological collections by the name of snake-stone. There is an old Popish story, which comes down to us through a great many priestly hands, but which you will find it very difficult to believe, which runs thus:—

"Of a thousand snakes, each one
Was turned into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed."

And some similar traditions yet linger among the ignorant, where these shells abound. The species of the nautilus found in chalk will be easily distinguished from other shells, because although the exact forms are extinct, yet the nautilus still spreads its gauzy sails to the zephyrs of tropical seas; and its clear and beautifully formed shell is commonly used as an ornament, that we are all familiar with it. The nautilus and similar shells are among the earliest traces of the animal kingdom, and must once have been very numerous. Mrs. Howitt's lines to this fossil shell are very appropriate:—

"Thou didst laugh in sun and breeze
In the new-created seas;
Thou wast with the reptile broods
In the old sea-solititudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up ammonite.
Thou survivedst the awful shock
Which turned the ocean-bed to rock,
And changed the myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms."

Youth's Cabinet.

POETRY, like truth, is a common flower. God has sown it over the earth, like daisies, sprinkled with tears, or glowing in the sun, even as he places the crocus and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death. — *Ebenezer Elliott.*

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR
WRATH." — EPH. iv. 26.

WE occasionally see children cherishing a spirit of bitterness and hatred against their companions. It is not a transient feeling, which they are sorry for as soon as it is felt; but it is deeply seated, and nursed and encouraged by them, till it grows to be a great defect in the young soul, that is placed here to train for immortality.

St. Paul says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Do not keep in your heart unkind and angry feelings towards any one. The person who has, as you think, offended you, may be troubled by your ungentle words and actions; but these do not hurt his soul. They injure yours. They are like a dreadful disease, that spreads farther and farther, and will by and by corrupt your whole soul.

I dare say you think you never have these bad thoughts; but perhaps there is not a household of children, where one is not occasionally heard to say, "I'll pay him for it," or "I'll never speak to her again." Confess to your own consciences, children, that this is often the case, and then determine that it shall never be so again.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Before you go to bed each night, ask yourselves whether you feel kindly and pleasantly towards every one. And if you do not, think over what that person has done wrong, and try to find excuses for him; and still, if the hatred will not go from your heart, pray to God that you may live in love with all your companions. Night

is a time for thought ; and if you go to bed with a wicked heart, your sleep will not be sweet. - God gives sleep to his beloved, the Bible says ; and God loves only the good.

God gives us the evening for quiet thought, for reflection, for repentance. He draws the curtain of darkness around us, and hides us from our friends that we may hold communion with our own hearts, and with Him who alone can see those hearts. Let us think much of the constant presence of God. Let us remember that he is all the time watching us. We wish to appear neat and clean when we are in the presence of our friends ; and how much more should we wish our hearts to be always pure and spotless in the presence of the Purest of Beings !

How much of all the evil of the world might be spared, if men from their childhood had been accustomed to retire at night in peace with all the world ! How much may yet be spared, if every child who reads this book, and every child whom each of you can influence, will let not the sun go down upon his wrath ! Peace in your own hearts, peace in your homes, happiness at school and among your playmates, will spring from the daily habit of examining yourselves, so that you may live in love with all. Think of these things, and resolve that the sun shall never more "go down upon your wrath."

ED.

THE least of God's works it is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company. — *Henry Martyn.*

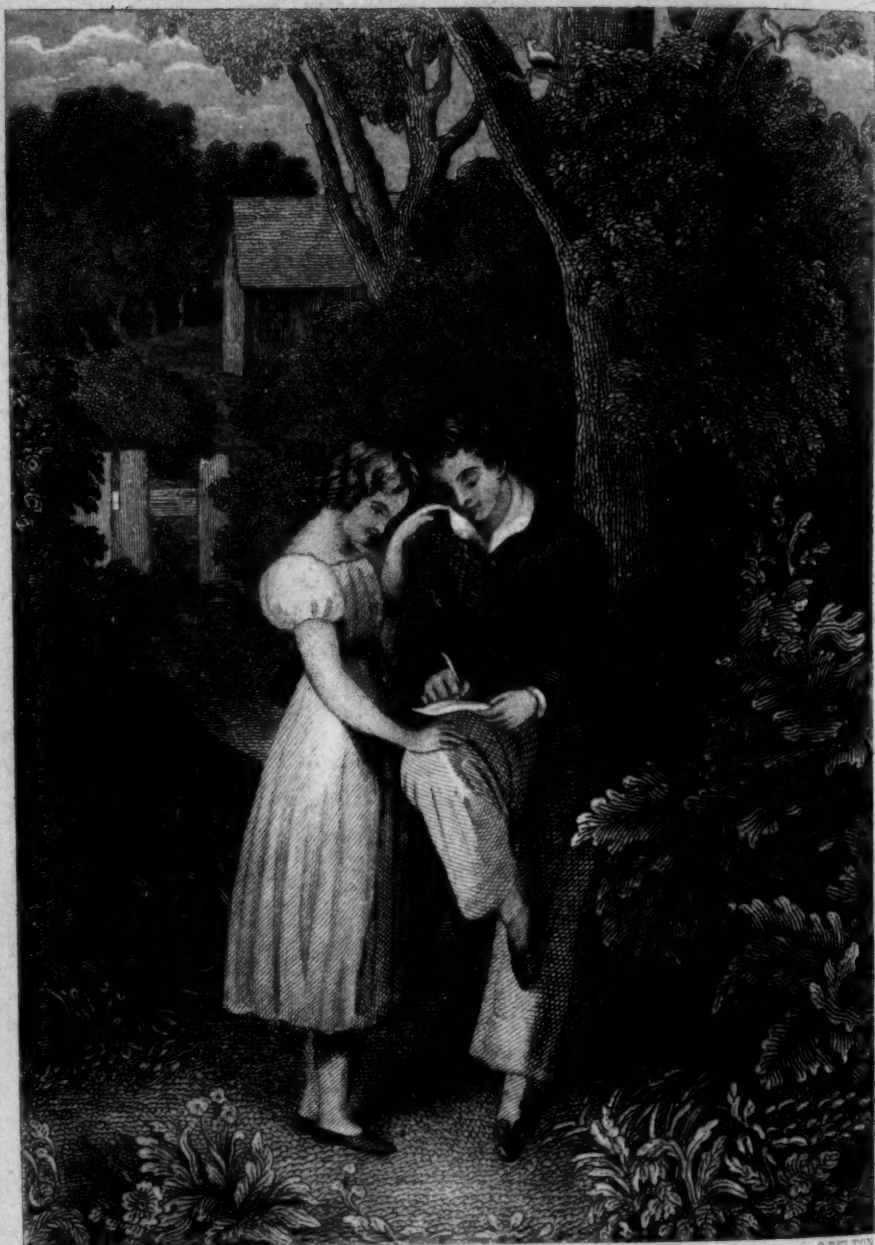
PINS AND NEEDLES.

It is said in the old chronicles, that, previous to the arrival of Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., the English ladies fastened their robes with skewers; but, as it is known that pins were in use among the early British, since, in the "barrows" that have been opened, numbers of "neat and efficient" ivory pins were found to have been used in arranging the grave-clothes, it is probable that this remark is unfounded.

The pins of a later date than the above were made of box-wood, bone, ivory, and some few of silver. They were larger than those of the present day, which seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. In 1543, however, the manufacture of brass pins had become sufficiently important to claim the attention of the legislature; an act having been passed that year by which it was enacted, "that no person should put to sale any pins, but only such as shall be double-headed and have the head soldered fast to the shank, the pins well smoothed, and the shank well sharpened."

Until far on in the sixteenth century, there was not a *needle* to be had of foreign manufacture.

They were first made in England by a native of India, in 1545; but the art was lost at his death. It was, however, recovered by Christopher Greening, in 1560, who was settled at Long Crendon in Bucks, where the manufactory has been carried on from that time to the present moment. — *Selected.*



RICHER

O. PELTON

BROTHER AND SISTER

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A LADY.

(See Engraving.)

"I SHALL never forget the glee with which my brother and I planned a surprise for my parents. They, as you know, were in very humble circumstances, and could only gain the necessaries of life. An easy chair was unknown in our humble cottage; but we had seen such luxuries at the houses of our wealthier friends, and had often wished it was in our power to procure one for our father and mother.

"One day my brother came home, his face sparkling with joy. He took me aside into the garden, and told me he had just seen, at the cabinet-makers, a very simple frame, which he thought he could imitate, if I could undertake the covering and stuffing. I was as eager as he, and we agreed to go together to see it, after afternoon-school.

"Not to be tedious, our labor of love was begun, — sacrifices of hoarded dimes, and little aids from friendly neighbors in lending tools or giving advice, furnished the requisites for its completion; and no carved chair of elaborate workmanship was ever half so pleasing to a fine lady, as was our simple one, with its soft seat and back, and its plain chintz-covering.

"Then came the mighty business of inditing an epistle. How many times my brother, standing under the great elm, read and re-read, wrote and erased, until he

had written a note which satisfied us both, and which was put in the chair, and the latter wheeled to the fire-side, to await our parents on their return from their walk! Ah! many as are the happy hours I have since, and still enjoy with my brother, I often think those two or three weeks of happy planning and working were among the happiest of all."

ED.

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE dogs of Constantinople — so says an English writer — may be divided into two classes: the Frank and the Turkish dog. The first class is small, and only to be found in the streets of Pera, or harboring about the doors of Frank houses and cafés. Some of these dogs appear to have a local habitation and a name, as they may frequently be seen sitting in the doorways of Frank houses, to which they have — what is always denied to a Turkish dog — the privilege of an entrance. The greater part, however, like their Turkish brethren, are nameless and houseless wanderers; living and sleeping entirely on the street, or among the ruins of some adjacent building. They are harmless, and do not bark nor snap at the Frank as he passes; neither do the Franks beat or molest them in the smallest degree, but seem rather to regard them as unfortunate strangers in a foreign land; and, if one of them should get assailed by a Turkish dog, woe to the assailant if a Frankish stick is near at hand!

The first thing that attracts a stranger, on arriving at

the capital of the Turkish empire, is the immense number of dogs he meets lying in his way; some in the centre of the street, others right across the footpath, sound asleep, and perfectly unconscious that they have chosen the situation, of all others, that will subject them to most danger. In walking along, a stick is absolutely necessary, in order to make them get out of the way; and in many cases three or four good blows have to be administered, in order to get the lazy cur to move. An Irishman, whose patience had been severely tried during the winter of 1838, used to remark, that "they were four-stroke-proof gentlemen," — one stroke on the head, to awaken them; another on the legs, to let them feel they are awake; a third on the face, to make them get up; and a fourth behind, to help them to run away.

If a stranger appears in the street in the Frank dress — and the dogs know a stranger as well as the prefect of police in Paris — and the dog be not asleep, he instantly sets up a cry, something between a bark and a howl, which soon draws all the dogs in the vicinity forth to join in the chorus. Woe to the poor stranger who is annoyed, in walking along the streets of a strange town, with six or eight dogs at his heels, and as many standing on each side of him; his temper will be put sadly to the test. The only remedy is to walk on, apparently unmindful of their attentions, but at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon their movements, until one of them, presuming upon his apparent negligence, more bold than the others, approaches within reach of the stick, — then let a blow be struck, quick and heavy, over his enterprising head. If well struck, a howl, such as must be heard to be understood, will

follow from the sufferer. This will be caught up in chorus by all the others, and, turning tail, the whole pack will each consult his own personal safety in a speedy retreat. If the blow is missed, or not dealt with stunning force, it had as well been left alone, as it will only increase their wrath and boldness. Nothing will drive them away but the howl of pain from some one of their clan, or some native, taking pity on the unfortunate Frank, calling out, "Huist! huist! huist!"

As the stranger begins to know the town a little better, the dogs know him also; and if he is liberal in dealing out heavy blows when they are called for, and careful to let the dogs alone when they do not annoy him, he will soon be left in comparative tranquillity. But it is not an uncommon thing for him to have his temper so much ruffled, that he begins to beat every dog which comes within reach of his stick. There was an Englishman who, during the summer of 1838, adopted the resolution, that whenever a dog barked at him, to strike the next one he came to; and to this plan he stuck so close during his stay, that latterly the dogs gave him no annoyance, and the Turks called him "the dog-bastinading *ghiaour*."

To what particular race these street-dogs belong, it would be difficult to say. They appear to be a mixture of a great many mongrel breeds, but comparatively few of them are what is called the pure Turkish dog. Among the street-dogs, there are, no doubt, many of what is called the Turkish dog, — an animal, though undescribed by naturalists, yet undoubtedly deserving of some attention; but the Turkish dog, in all its purity, must be looked for in the burial-grounds, where they

bear a proportion of nine to one of the mixed breeds; while in the streets their proportion is not more than one in ten. The street-dogs, or mixed breed, are of all shapes, sizes, and colors; some of them can only bark, others only howl, while there are again some who can both bark and howl. The pure Turkish dogs, on the contrary, are of one uniform shape, and generally at maturity are nearly of the same size. In form, they are like the strong, thick-set Scottish sheep-dogs, remarkably strong in the legs, and very broad from ear to ear. In size they are rather larger than the shepherd's dog, and generally of a black, or brown and black color. They cannot bark, but howl like a wolf; and, like the street-dogs, can only be put to flight by a smart, hard blow. A slight tap is of no use. The blow must be struck with such force as to make the receiver eloquent, when he and his companions will take the hint, and make themselves scarce as speedily as possible.

It would be a matter of great difficulty to arrive at any thing like an accurate calculation of the number of these street and burial-ground dogs in Constantinople. I have sometimes counted them in one street, and sometimes in quarters or divisions, at several different parts of the city and suburbs, and from these data endeavored to come to an accurate calculation. But the sum total has always been such as to make me stagger, and I am almost certain that I will not be credited in stating their number to be about two hundred thousand; though I think this account more likely to be under than above the fact. It may be wondered how so many of these animals obtain food; and I must admit myself perfectly unable to solve the problem, but imagine that the great

source of their sustenance is derived from being the scavengers of the city and suburbs, devouring all sorts of filth and dirt thrown out from the houses. They also feed upon such strange dogs or cats, or stray rats, as may fall in their way. They all have their appropriate localities; and woe betide the unfortunate dog that strays out of his district into that of another clan! If he escapes being torn to pieces, he will return to his own quarter well covered with wounds. The extent of these canine divisions of the city vary from sixty to two hundred yards in range; in any part of which, a dog appertaining to it is perfectly safe from all attack from his own species; but if once beyond its precincts into that of a strange clan, the chances are ten to one that he never returns. I have seen many strange dogs get into the neighborhood of where I lived, but very rarely saw any of them effect their escape. The whole dogs of the district, in such cases, are drawn together by a particular howl or bark; and the intruder, being pulled down, is speedily devoured. The cats of the district live on terms of great amity with the dogs, and often may be found sleeping together in the street; but the cat that is imprudent enough to stray along the ground from his own quarter is soon food for the resident dogs of the district intruded upon. The cats, however, are not often so foolish. If they are inclined to ramble, they do so along the house-tops, as they can do so for miles without any danger; taking the liberty of entering such houses as they find accessible in their stroll, and freely helping themselves, when they can, to the good cheer of the larder.

It is not an uncommon thing, in severe weather, to

see the Turks, with a bag of coarse bread under their arm, feeding these animals in the street, although they would not give a morsel of it to a Christian dying of hunger; and there are certain portions of the city where a certain number of dogs are fed every day, by order of various deceased Sultans. Connected with all the different barracks there is generally a band of from two to six hundred dogs, who may be seen scattered about the neighborhood at all hours, basking themselves in the sun in the summer, or warming themselves in the snow in winter. When the hour draws near for the soldiers' dinner or supper, they will all be gathered together in front of the barrack-gate, as closely huddled together as a flock of sheep, wagging their tails, and looking the very picture of joyous anticipation until the dinner is over. Then the cart, filled with the bones and cast-away morsels of the soldiers' repast, appears; the dogs surround it on every side, and while it is being drawn to the place appointed for tumbling it up, the frenzy is great; but when the emptying takes place, and the precious morsels are scattered on the ground, the excitement is at its height. — *Selected.*

(To be continued.)

THE PEN AND THE BRUSH. — When a certain English painter flew into a rage and into print because one of his pictures had been roughly handled by the critics, he was advised by Edmund Burke to vindicate himself by his brush rather than by his pen.

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GABRIELLA.

GABRIELLA VON ARNHEIM was a little German maiden, who lived in a large and pleasant mansion, not far from the banks of the Neckar, a branch of the Rhine. Her father, a man of noble character and extensive attainments, was a professor in a neighboring university; but Gabriella lived with her mother in the pleasant old house, half castle, half villa, where her father's childhood had been passed. Madame Von Arnheim had been an invalid for several years; and the death of two other children, while it had retarded her own recovery, had led her to concentrate her affection more strongly on her only surviving child. Naturally gentle and indulgent, her feeble health and her fondness combined to make her more so; and, as she could not take the charge of the child, Gabriella was left almost entirely to the charge of her governess; who, though conscientious and careful, had little authority over her heedless and wilful pupil. So little Gabriella was fast becoming that very disagreeable personage, a spoiled child; and, though naturally sweet-tempered, affectionate, and active, she was growing selfish, indolent, and fretful.

"Is Gabriella ill?" asked the professor of his wife, one morning. It was during one of his periodical visits home.

"Ill? no, I think not. Has she complained of feeling sick?"

"Not to-day, that I have heard; though she com-

plains often enough. I asked only because I heard her crying."

"Gabriella always cries when she is out of humor," answered Madame Von Arnheim, languidly. I wish she wouldn't; it is so very annoying."

"She must be a great trouble to you, Marguerite," said her husband. "With your frequent illness, and your always delicate health, the care of such a child is too much. Would it not be better to send her away from home until your health is restored?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the mother eagerly. "Gabriella is our only child now, and I could not part with her. She has some faults, I know; she is rather idle and headstrong, and she is apt to cry at trifles; but she is very affectionate and kind, and, when you are away, she is my chief comfort."

Just then, the door opened, and the little girl came in. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks flushed with delight; and she held in her hand a pretty little basket filled with wild flowers. "Mamma, darling mamma!" she said; "see! here are your favorite flowers; are they not sweet and fresh?"

Her mother admired the flowers, and was going to kiss the child, when she noticed her dress. "Why, Ella, dearest, where can you have been? Your dress is wet and torn, and your shoes are ruined. Why, my love!"

"Oh! 'tis nothing, mamma. I'll change them, directly. I couldn't get the flowers without, and I didn't mind getting wet for such a dear, dear mother." And as she said so, she bent over the couch and gently kissed her.

Madame Von Arnheim turned a rather triumphant

look upon her husband. "Can I part with such a loving child?" it seemed to say. But the professor still looked grave.

"I heard you crying a while ago, my daughter," he said. "What was it for?"

"Because my governess didn't wish me to go out this morning," she answered. "But I told her mamma should have her flowers; and so I went."

"Mamma would rather do without flowers all her life than have her dear Ella do wrong," said her mother, very gently. "But we will forgive it this time; only don't do so again. Now, run put on dry clothes, and then to your lessons."

Gabriella ran off smiling, but her father sighed. "I wish I could be at home more," he said.

Some months passed; and, at each visit home, the professor saw his daughter's faults increasing, and her good qualities appearing less and less. Her governess complained that she was idle and wilful, which was true enough; and her mother's love and counsel seemed wasted upon her. Her father found her one day, coiled up like a kitten, in the window-seat, reading.

"Gabriella!" he said, suddenly. She looked up. "Put down your book and come to me." She did so instantly; her father was the only person whom she never disobeyed. "What are you reading?"

"Fairy tales, papa."

"Have your lessons been well learned, your English exercises written, your drawing attended to, carefully, to-day?"

"No, papa; I don't like lessons, and I hate English above all, it is so hard."

"Indeed! Well, what were your stories about?"

She told him, with great interest, and ended by saying, "I wish there were fairies now."

"Do you? Well, I am acquainted with several; and I have been thinking I should ask one of them to cure you of your faults, if you do not soon cure yourself. Let me hear a good account of you when next I come home, or I shall certainly apply to the fairies."

Gabriella smiled, and looked very much puzzled; she didn't believe there were any fairies, and, as to lessons, she hated them; she wished she could'nt see a book, for two months, at least. Her father made no answer; he went directly to his wife's chamber, and had a long conversation with her, the result of which appeared afterward. Miss Grosvenor could speak of no improvement in her pupil when next the professor came home, and Gabriella watched her father's countenance with some anxiety; but the expression told her nothing.

"You are tired of study, Ella," he said, a few days after. "How should you like to go a little journey with me?"

She clapped her hands with delight at the suggestion. "If mamma is willing," she said.

"Mamma is willing; I have asked her. Then we will start to-morrow. Miss Grosvenor, you will see that she has all that she needs for an absence of one or two days."

The next morning they started; the day was fine and clear, the country through which they passed beautiful and varied in its scenery; the professor even more than usually cheerful and entertaining. Gabriella said she wished the journey would never come to an end;

but she grew weary, though still contented and merry, as the sun went down; and, when at last they stopped, it was quite dark, and she was so sleepy that her eyes closed almost before her head touched the pillow, and she was instantly sound asleep.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, and she found herself alone. Every thing was strange, and she wondered where she was; but soon she recollected the yesterday's journey, and waited for her father to call her. No one came for some time, however; and, sitting up in the bed, she amused herself with looking around. The room was very small, and had only one window, from which she could see a green meadow, dotted with trees, and bordered by a thick wood; no houses were to be seen. The furniture was scanty, and of the simplest fashion and material; and when Gabriella looked for her clothes, thinking to put them on, she found, instead of her silk dress, and French kid slippers, a suit of such plain, coarse garments as the peasant children wear.

"Why did papa stop here, I wonder?" she said, half aloud. "And where can my own clothes be?"

Just then, the door opened, and a pleasant looking woman entered. "Why don't you get up, Greta?" she said. "Breakfast is done some time ago, and I want you to wipe and set away the dishes."

"Ma'am!" exclaimed the astonished child. "My name isn't Greta."

"I don't know what else it is," answered the woman, smiling. "But come; you know the father cannot endure to see lazy people about; and, though he did not object to your sleeping late this morning, he will expect to find you up and at work when he comes back."

"I can not get up, my clothes are not here," said Gabriella.

"Why, you are half asleep yet, I think; here are your clothes upon the chair."

"Those are not mine," returned the child, "and I will not wear them. I want my own."

"These are your own, and you must get up directly," answered the woman, a little impatiently. "I can't think what has come over you this morning, Greta. Your visit to your cousin has done you no good, I fear." And with no very gentle hand, she lifted the child from the bed, and quickly dressed her. "There, wash your face and brush your hair, and then come out and eat your bread and milk," she said, as she left her.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

"AND WHOSOEVER SHALL GIVE TO ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES A CUP OF COLD WATER ONLY, IN THE NAME OF A DISCIPLE, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE SHALL IN NO WISE LOSE HIS REWARD."—MATT. x. 42.

CHILDREN are very apt to think that, because no great sacrifices are required of them, they can do no good in the world. Our Saviour knew that there were, and would be, in time to come, many distrustful of their own deeds, and fearful that they should not enjoy the Lord's blessing, because they had not been able to serve him in any great work; and he left this comfort for all his timid followers, that not the amount of our deeds, but the disposition, would be regarded by the Father.

No act of any child is so small that it is unnoticed by him; and every good deed is recorded, never to be blotted out. It may seem a small thing to you to amuse a fretful child, or to perform some simple service cheerfully.

“Doth not each raindrop help to form
A cool, refreshing shower;
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?”

The best and truest lives have been not only those filled with great virtues, like John Howard's, but those of the humble Christians, unknown save in their own narrow circle, who, by little daily sacrifices, by patient endurance, by meek forbearance, will not fail of the promised reward.

The child's eye kindles and his cheek flushes, as he reads of Oberlin's life-devotion to his flock among the mountains. He would gladly go forth, and teach and spend his life among the poor and ignorant. “But,” he thinks, “No such way is open for me. My parents want me to spend my life near them. I must give up such dreams as these.”

No! do not give them up, little hero. Your soul has been fired with what is noble, and true, and right. Let the lesson sink down into your heart; and then throughout your life, wherever your abode may be, words will fall from your lips refreshing to the thirsty soul, and your charities, even though you are poor yourself, will make many hearts glad.

And the little shrinking girls, you who read in wonder of the noble women who have entered prisons, and

won the hearts of men hardened in crime, — who have sought the abodes of wickedness, and saved the souls of young children from destruction, — do not lay aside these accounts in despair, and feel that no field is open to you. “No man liveth to himself.” All around you, and every day, are opportunities for doing good. You have hitherto thought them beneath your notice; but it is not so. Watch for them, seek them, make them if possible; but do not neglect any. The kind word, the cheerful smile, the ready service, — these are the cups of cold water, which, if given with a real desire to serve and please God, will not fail of their reward. And, in the last day, the Judge will say to you: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.”

ED.

FALLING STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A MOTHER was sailing home over the quiet sea from Tongatabu to Heligoland, and her thoughts travelled far quicker than the ship in the light of the full moon. The little girl in her lap, however, did not permit her mother to dream of home; she pointed through the floating sails to heaven, and said: “See, what great glow-worms come down from the stars! If they would only fall upon the deck, instead of into the sea, I would take them with me, and lay them in our garden, under the rose-bushes, when we get home.”

But the little maiden was ill, and was never again to

see her earthly home. Therefore, her mother sighed, and said: "Those are not glow-worms; behind the stars lies a large and surpassingly beautiful garden. God himself has planted it, and holy angels are the gardeners in it; and they often come down to earth, and carry away sleeping children, who wake up there, and can no more come down to us, but willingly wait, until fathers and mothers go to them. The trees in the garden bear twelve times in the year apples as yellow as gold, juicy as peaches, and more aromatic than strawberries; and they are never so bare and leafless as with us in winter, but are ever covered with leaves, flowers, and fruit. And, because the trees are so high that the children cannot reach up to them, even if they stand upon tiptoe, the angels fly near and shake the boughs, and the apples fall in the green velvety grass under the trees. But the angels, if they do not take care, strip off, here and there, with their wings, snow-white blossoms; and so it sometimes happens that the evening-wind carries the flowers away over the garden wall, and lets them fall down upon our earth. They do not remain lying there until morning, but dissolve like a snow-flake which falls upon thy cheek."

When the ship had sailed around the world, and had arrived at the landing place in Heligoland, the mother stepped on shore. And they bore behind her, neither rubies, nor amethysts, nor variegated clothes, nor fine linen, nor coral, nor garnets, but a death-casket, made of the ebony of the island. In it were the remains of the sleeping maiden.

OWEN GLENDOWER'S OAK.

MANY years ago there lived in England a king, who was called Henry the Fourth. He had not been long on the throne, before he found he had many enemies; among the most powerful of whom were the Earl of Northumberland, and Owen Glendower, who was descended from the ancient sovereigns of Wales. These two persons became discontented with Henry's government, and formed a scheme for uniting together to put a stop to his reign.

The Earl of Northumberland had a son named Henry Percy, but commonly called Hotspur, on account of his passionate disposition. Hotspur agreed to assist in the undertaking to dethrone King Henry, and promised to march with a large army from the North of England, while Glendower was to meet him with such forces as he could collect in Wales.

As soon as the king knew that his enemies were preparing to attack him, he marched in all haste, to come up with Hotspur before he was joined by Glendower. The king's army entered the town of Shrewsbury only a few hours before Hotspur arrived at the gates. On the following morning, the king's soldiers marched out of the town, and succeeded in forcing Hotspur to an engagement.

The battle was fought on the 20th of July, 1403. It commenced by furious volleys of arrows from Hotspur's archers, who struck down many of the enemy. The king was three times thrown from his horse, and was

nearly slain. Hotspur rushed through the midst of his foes, and displayed the most undaunted courage. But, at a moment when the victory seemed his, he fell by an unknown hand, alone, and hemmed in by foes. King Henry lost no time to avail himself of this event. Straining his voice to the utmost, he exclaimed aloud, "*Henry Percy is dead:*" and the battle soon ended in favor of the king, who gained a complete victory.

In the meanwhile, Owen Glendower had marched with a large body of Welshmen to within a mile of Shrewsbury; and, if the king had not been so rapid in his movements, Glendower and Hotspur would probably have joined their forces. It was necessary, however, that the Welsh army should cross the River Severn, which, at this place, is a broad and rapid river. But as the bridges were held by the king's forces, Glendower could not cross the stream, and was obliged to halt his army on the banks of the Severn, though he could see Hotspur's forces quite plainly on the other side. The place where the fight was thickest is about three miles from Shrewsbury, and is still called Battlefield; and King Henry built a handsome church there, which is still used as a parish church, though a great part of it is in ruins.

The tradition of the country says, that Glendower mounted a large oak-tree, and that he saw from thence the battle of Shrewsbury.

It is very probable, from the present appearance of the tree, that it is old enough to have been of a considerable size in the year 1403, or four hundred and thirty years ago. Oaks are known to live to a much greater age than this. Glendower's oak is still perfectly alive, and

bears some hundred of acorns every year ; though it has great marks of age, and is so hollow in the inside, that it seems to stand on little more than a circle of bark. At least six or eight persons might stand within it. —
Selected.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

LITTLE child, with upturned eye,
Lisping out thine earnest prayer,
In thy guileless infancy
Knowest thou aught of grief or care ?
Dost thou tire of earthly things ?
Seekest thou a home above ?
Wouldst thou, borne on cherubs' wings,
Bask thee in the Saviour's love ?
Child, thy prayer is answered now ;
Jesus died for such as thou.

Lamb-like one ! and wouldst thou, then,
With the heavenly Shepherd go ;
Following him through pastures green,
Where the living waters flow ?
Say, thus early wouldst thou tread
All the rough and narrow way,
By that Shepherd's guidance led
Up to heaven's eternal day ?
Child, from shadows clear thy brow ;
Jesus loveth such as thou.

Gentle child, thy young thoughts tend
Toward that far, delightful land,

Where the happy angels bend
By the throne, a sinless band.
Fain, with harp of sweetest tone,
Wouldst thou join that choir above,
Singing to the blessed One
Joyful hymns of praise and love ?
Child, with angels thou shalt bow ;
Jesus saveth such as thou.

Selected.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

(Concluded from p. 78.)

THE change from the heavily laden ship, in which William had sailed for the last few months, to the trim brig, was very pleasant ; yet he sadly missed the familiar faces, and soon made up his mind that none of the sailors would be to him such a friend as Paul. Yet his cheerful, willing service won him, before many days, the regard of both officers and crew ; and the second mate told him, at the end of the week, that the captain thought he had made a lucky exchange.

Our friend was a very observing boy ; and the brig was not a fortnight's sail from Honolulu, before he discovered that the captain of the Nautilus was far inferior in seamanship to his old master. However, it is not the nature of young people to borrow trouble ; and William obeyed orders, though sometimes not quite convinced of their utility.

One night, as they were passing out of the region of the trade-winds, a furious storm arose. An old weather-

beaten tar on board had seen its approach for two hours before it burst, and pointed it out to the mate, who, in his turn, had informed the captain. But he, unwilling to lose the advantage of the fine breeze before which the Nautilus was then flying, only said that old Jack was getting in his dotage, and that for his part he saw no signs of a storm, and ordered another sail to be unfurled.

Jack shook his head when he saw no preparations making for weathering the impending tempest; and advised his companions to equip themselves for a storm, as, when it came upon them, they would have enough to do to obey orders and attend to the ship. At last the captain, alarmed by the darkness, came on deck, and began to issue his commands with great rapidity. The sailors worked manfully; but, before all the sails could be taken in, the gale struck the vessel, and carried off several spars, and made sad havoc among the sails. All was now hurry, confusion, and eagerness to preserve the rigging that was still left. Willie, who was at the yard-arm, heard old Jack say, "We haven't had all yet." Hardly were the words spoken when a flash of lightning blinded them for a moment, and was instantly followed by a terrific peal of thunder.

"The mainmast!" shouted the mate, the moment the crash was over.

The lightning had set on fire its lofty top; and it must be cut down, or nothing could save the vessel. Willie and Jack were on the deck in an instant; and many a stout arm wielded the axe that was to free them from destruction. It fell crashing into the sea, and was swallowed up by the roaring waters.

On, on they drove through the pitiless gale at the mercy

of the wind. The power of the steersman was of no avail. Every moment they feared that the lightning would strike some other part of the vessel. It continued with unabated violence till towards morning; when the thunder and rain ceased, but the wind still continued.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted the look-out at the mast-head. The ship must inevitably strike the sunken rocks, and be dashed to pieces. No boat could live in such a surf; and a fearful death seemed impending over all. As the gale blew them nearer and nearer the lee-shore, and as the faintest hopes died out, the men lashed themselves to spars and pieces of timber, that they might float when the vessel broke up. Suddenly a grating sound was heard, and the motion ceased. All waited in breathless suspense for the rushing of the water into the hold; but all was still, save the howling gale, and the rush of waters outside.

The captain, and one or two of the most experienced men, went below to examine the vessel; and conjectured that she must be wedged between one or two sunken rocks, from which it might be possible, when the gale was over, to release her. The wind blew with violence all day, but abated at sun-down; and the next morning rose clear and beautiful over a gently heaving sea.

The sunken rocks around them were near a low island, with a thick growth of trees at the farther end; and the captain determined, if the vessel could be got off, to send a boat on shore for water. After the decks were cleared from the ruins caused by the storm, and the captain was exercising his ingenuity with respect to the best plan for releasing the brig, a raft was seen by one of the sailors putting off from the island. The captain feared they

should be annoyed by a visit from savages; but what was his surprise, when a voice called out in his native tongue, "Ship ahoy."

In a few moments the two strangers were on board. They had watched the ship during the whole of the day before, expecting to see her go to pieces; but, when they found her still in the same position the next morning, they determined to visit her. They said the island was uninhabited except by themselves and four other men, who were the crew of a vessel wrecked years ago on those very breakers.

But one ship had they seen in the meantime; and in that they were to have been taken off the island, but the wind had changed in the night, and the morning of their expected deliverance brought only disappointed hopes.

William, who had been on some duty in the cabin, drew near the spot as the last words were said, and hastily casting an eye on the two men, forgetful in such a moment of all discipline, he said, "What was the name of your vessel?"

One of the men stared, and said, "The Undine."

The glow faded from the young sailor's cheek; and one of the strangers caught him to prevent him from falling. "William Mears," he stammered.

"William Mears! Aye, sure. That's the name of one of our comrades, and as hearty a fellow as ever lived."

The captain was about to reprimand the boy for making such a disturbance; but he had enough to do to seek in his medicine-chest for remedies to restore the fainting lad. The first word Willie uttered was "Father;"

and, after the shock of surprise was well over, he was able to explain that he was indeed the son of their companion, and to beg that they would put off immediately, and take him to his father.

Our young hero passed the longest hour of his life in waiting till the men had entered into an agreement with the captain for their passage to America. When the arrangements were made, the captain put two of his own crew, with Willie and the two islanders and several empty barrels, into one of the boats; and soon William found himself rapidly nearing his father.

"Look up, lad," said one to him, as they came close to the shore; "That's your father. The tall man with the long curling hair."

Willie needed no further explanation. The little profile he had studied every day had made his father's face familiar to him; and the moment the bow of the boat touched the pebbly beach, he threw himself into the arms of the astonished man, sobbing, "Father, father!"

It was long ere the bewildered sailor could be made to comprehend the strange story, or to realize that the handsome, athletic boy was the fair, blue-eyed child he had left twelve long years before; but he well remembered the old profile; and though he had many years since abandoned the hope of seeing his wife, yet the assurance of her death caused him a flood of tears.

Not much time was there for indulging in emotion. The Nautilus, as could be seen from the island, was fast being released from her perilous position; and the casks were to be filled with water; and each man's possession, had the lapse of years left or given him any that he valued, must speedily be put on board. At sundown the

rescued men were setting sail with light hearts from their island home; and Willie's abounded with thanksgivings as he raised his eyes to the Southern Cross, and remembered the words of old Paul.

Not till the next day at evening did William find opportunity to tell his father of his search for him, and that he had come to sea with no other purpose; and the father often brushed the manly tears from his eyes as he listened to the simple account of the persevering courage, and the simple faith and love, of his son.

Little readers, our long tale is well nigh told. We shall be happy, if, besides any amusement it may have afforded you, it shall have taught you how much may be accomplished, when we are really in earnest; and how, almost with certainty, persevering industry obtains its ends. Yet we will not leave our William and his father, without giving our young friends a glimpse at their after-life.

The Nautilus, being in an enfeebled condition, had a slow passage to Australia; but there she was refitted and went to China, and thence back to New York, whence she had started. It may be supposed that the rescue of the sailors from the island, and Willie's romantic adventure, were soon noised abroad; and many a stranger came to shake hands with the brave sailor-lad.

The owner of the Nautilus had a fine packet-ship newly built, and equipping for England. He gave the command of her to Mr. Mears; and put Willie into the office of second mate, saying, that he knew so energetic a boy would make a valuable officer. And here must we take our leave of them, happy in each other's affection, and in the esteem of all who knew them. ED.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.

THAT is a very touching picture, which is drawn by a modern traveller, of a blind sculptor, whom he fell in with at Innspruck, in the Tyrol. His name was Kleinhans; and this is a brief synopsis of his history.

When five years of age he was attacked with the smallpox; it affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself.

When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try and console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able by degrees to comprehend from the touch, the exact proportions of the figure; *anatomizing* upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge the niceties of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead;

he found himself alone and destitute; and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence.

Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love for art induced him to persevere.

After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he *saw*, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy.

Thus he proceeded by degrees, until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now *able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance!*

He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day as in his youth. During the course of his career, he has sculptured several hundred figures. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his sculpture. He is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desires agitate him; no ambition for honor or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist. His mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands. "I feel," he says, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that

I carve, even to the very minutest part; and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with mine own eyes."

What a forcible illustration is this of the beautiful sentence of Sterne: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"! Here is seen the true "compensation" in the dispensation of Divine Providence; like the light that was formed from the Source of all light and life, into the dark recesses of poor Laura Bridgman, who *seemed* shut out from the world, and almost from her Maker; being deaf, dumb, and blind. — *Selected.*

LETTER TO ANNIE AND MARY.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS, — You have heard a great deal about Pony, and our hens Mater, Lamie, No Tail, &c.; but among our "live stock" we have a Malta kitten, whose acquaintance I fancy you have never made, and I think I must introduce her to you.

One day last summer, Aunt Amy and I called to see a kind lady friend, and were greeted by her little girl with two tiny, pretty Malta kittens, one under each arm. She wanted us to select one of them, and she was to bring it to us as soon as old mother Malta could spare her child. Now, Aunt Amy and I have no great fancy for kittens, but we knew that Aunt Lizzie thought it a great absurdity that people should keep house without a cat! so we accepted the tiniest blue-eyed one for her.

Not long afterward, one pleasant afternoon, came the little girl with a small covered basket which she handed

to me to open. Kitty was entirely forgotten by me, and I was quite taken by surprise when I saw the little creature, so pretty and so small, curled up there so snugly. She was soon running all about the house, and looking into every thing, — but, poor thing! not with a very contented air; for she seemed searching very earnestly for some way of escape from the new home, which she didn't know, and where she felt so strange and lonely. She mewed piteously for her mother, too, and was so very small that she was in constant danger of being crushed by a hasty step, or a closing door; beside, she scarcely knew how to drink the warm milk we gave her, — so altogether she made us feel quite sad by her lonely helplessness; and the little girl had to bring the basket, and carry her home again to her mother and sister, who, she said, were *delighted* to see her; and Kitty was very happy to be with them again.

A month after that, came Aunt Lizzie home one day, with the kitten again; but this time it was a great gray-eyed one, quite able to eat and drink; with the prettiest pure white spots among her soft gray fur; but, oh, with such a *disposition*, as I hope not many cats possess! Full or hungry, cold or warm, she would “*me-ow*, me-ow,” from morning till night. There was no satisfying or quieting her; she must be *let in* and *let out*, have meat and drink; but still she would “*me-ow*” until we were wearied out. I thought she ought to be named “*Snarley-ow*,” only it wasn't a very pretty name to call her by. Did you ever know any *children* like our Pussy? — boys or girls who were never satisfied, but always in some trouble, and always annoying other people with their complaints and fretting?

Well, something must be done with Pussy. Should we get rid of her, or try to discipline her into a better behaviour? We could not *reason* with *her*, as we can with those discontented boys and girls, and show them that *fretting* does not mend matters, or make them feel any happier. No, Kitty had no mind to be reasoned with, we must try *correction*; and so, when she had no good reason for complaint, a little whipping or a "ducking" into a deep snow-bank, would take her by surprise quite often. At first we thought it had no effect, and that she was certainly the most disagreeable cat ever known, — quite past reformation. "She used to do *just so* at our house," little Nelly would say; "I never saw such a kitten!" We did not like to whip her at all, particularly as at last we began to think she was *sick* — had the *dropsy*, or something. A good friend who used to call very often, pronounced her in very *poor health*, — he was assured *that wasn't her natural flesh*, and he did not think she had long to live. Then he would shake his head very ominously and seriously. She certainly did breathe very strangely. What should we do? We could not *indulge* her, we thought, if she *was sick*. But now she began to improve a little, — to grow more quiet with her growth in size, and more affectionate, too. She had a very winning way of standing upon her hind feet, and looking up with her large gray eyes so beseechingly; then rubbing her head so softly and winningly upon our laps, as if begging favor and kindness, that we could not help taking her up and caressing her. She had improved, that was certain, and comforting too; but sometimes the old habits would come back upon her, as all evil habits are wont to do,

with great force. She has not yet got over them, though she is far more agreeable than she used to be. We used to remark that she was never frolicsome, like almost all kittens, never seemed disposed to play with anything; but, as she improved in behaviour, she improved in *spirits* also, and would often have real pussy frolics with balls of yarn, the carpet, or the mat, or with some poor luckless mouse, who was so unfortunate as to fall into her power.

In her search for balls of yarn, I suspect, she somehow discovered Aunt Amy's large work-basket (the same basket that in school-days used to contain the many little thimbles, and squares of patchwork, &c., for the little seamstresses at school) under the couch; and, fancying its soft lining, she took possession of it for a *bed*; and there, evening after evening, would Aunt Amy find her, cosily *napping it* among the spools of cotton, the tapes, and yarn, &c., like Charlie's famous kitten, who, after long search, was found

"In the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep."

I hope, when you come to see us, she will have quite forgotten her bad habits, and learned to be pleasant and patient, as even kitties *may* learn, I believe; and then I know you would not be able to resist the winning way of begging notice and kindness, so like a loving little child sometimes, as to be almost touching. Why, would you believe it? she takes a special fancy to Uncle Herbert; and has even done to him — the *minister*! — what I have known some mischief-loving little fingers do long ago; walking up on his shoulder one day, she

actually knocked his "specks" off, without so much as an apology. She does not mind even if he is writing, but, springing into his lap, looks very knowingly over his papers and sermons, and listens to his scratching pen, and then settles herself cosily down to sleep, as if she thought it is all right.

She has three companions out of doors; a homely old mother cat, who belongs to *the estate*, and looks almost as old as the old-fashioned house itself, and two wild young kittens, who maintain themselves wholly by their own exertions at their trade of mouse-catching, and never so much as ask us for meat or milk, or to lie down by our warm stoves or in our work-baskets; while "Nanny" (as I call her when she looks so sleepily stupid) thinks it a great hardship to be turned out at night, and comes knocking and scratching at the windows for admission, even after we have gone to bed. She hasn't learned to open doors yet, like some accomplished cats I know here, who raise the latch, and walk in at their own convenience; but, perhaps, she may yet learn to perform such feats.

Well, my darlings, I have told you a long story about our pussy; not that she is such a wonderful cat, but because I have often thought, were we wise enough to take them to heart, we might learn many lessons of Nanny, and that perhaps you might remember and heed them, even though they come from only a poor country kitten. Think you, *you* will remember any of them?

Most lovingly, your

AUNT BELLA.

H. S. H.

SABBATH IN THE WOODS.

THE beautiful beach, where we passed six pleasant weeks of the summer, is removed three miles from the sound of the "church-going bell;" and an occasional service is all that can be enjoyed, when a spare seat is to be filled in the wagon of the landlord.

At a little more than quarter of a mile from our house was a large and beautiful pine-wood, abounding in mossy rocks. Here we were accustomed to take our books and work on week-days, and here we resolved to have a service on Sunday. Six or seven children, with four or five grown persons, generally formed our congregation; and we always came back from the simple gathering refreshed in spirit, and feeling that the day was not a lost one to us. As so many children formed the party, we thought our little readers might be interested in hearing how we conducted our services.

As the rock we chose was at some distance from the entrance of the wood, a part of our way led through a thick grove of trees. The wind always stirred their tops, like the roar of the ocean which we left behind us, and the fallen leaves were like velvet to the feet, while the fragrant odor of the pines filled the warm air. We sauntered slowly along, enjoying these beauties, until we reached our rock. There we spread our shawls to sit upon, or chose some decayed stump of a tree. After a few moments of arrangement and rest, we all opened our Bibles, and each read in turn some verses of the Psalms, or some of the chapters of the Gospels. Then,

selecting some familiar hymn and tune, we all united in singing. There were no practised voices among us, and a stranger might have smiled at our attempts; but we all felt it an act of devotion, and joined as best we might. The Lord's Prayer was then repeated slowly and solemnly by all together; and there, among his beautiful works, it seemed more than ever that God *was* our Father.

After the prayer, we sang again, and then each in turn repeated some hymn or piece of religious poetry. The children usually spent a part of their Sunday morning in learning a hymn on purpose to recite; but the others drew from the store-houses of their memories, poems and hymns that were dear and pleasant to them. A volume of Dewey's Sermons furnished us with discourses. One of our number selected at each service a very simple one, a part of which at least could be understood by all, and read it aloud.

When the sermon was over, we all sang again, not *one* hymn, as before, but many with which we were all acquainted. And when it was found time for us to return, and we rose to unite in the dismissal-hymn, many a child begged for a longer stay.

Those beautiful walks home we shall never forget, with the slanting sun streaming between the closely crowded trunks of the pines, and shedding its splendor on the deep blue ocean before us, and gilding the white sails that glided over it.

We approve of going to church when it is practicable; but, when it is not, some such simple service as we have noted will help to make the day a good and holy one, both to children and their elders. ED.

THE CANTON RIVER.

OF all the extraordinary scenes which can be witnessed, nothing can be more surprising or astounding to the European than the appearance of the Canton River; for let him have travelled "far and wide," nought can give him an idea of the scene but ocular demonstration. Myriads of boats float on the waters; some devoted to handicraftmen of all descriptions, others to retailers of edibles, cooked and uncooked; boats laden with chests of tea piled one upon the other, tier above tier, until the side of the boat is level with the water's edge; mandarin boats forcing their way authoritatively through the crowd; war-junks at anchor; while here and there is an European boat, manned by sailors who give vent to their excited feelings by uttering sundry and divers ejaculations not particularly complimentary to the good seamanship of the natives, nor expressive of kindly feelings towards them. Flower-boats, and others belonging to artisans, vendors of food, pedlers, merchants, poultry, and sand-pans are wedged together in one solid mass, apparently impenetrable; while the air is filled and the ear is stunned with the deafening sounds of gongs and wind instruments, discoursing most unearthly music, accompanied by the yelling, screaming, gabbling, and clamor of hundreds of thousands of human tongues, producing a hodge-podge of sounds unrivalled and unequalled since the building of the Tower of Babel. As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of China so thickly populated as Canton; the population

of the city of Canton and its suburbs being estimated as above one million; and the denizens of the river, who habitually reside in their boats, are said to exceed two hundred thousand.—*J. Bayard Taylor.*

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



WILLIAM AND HIS DOG.

THE morning meal was scarcely o'er,
 When William, bright and gay,
 Ran quickly from his cottage-door,
 And called his playmate Tray.

Good Tray, as you may well suppose,
 Desired no second call :
 With wagging tail and lifted nose,
 He leaped the garden wall.

On to the meadow still and green,
 Beside the little stream
 Where wild flowers grow the blades between,
 And shining dew-drops gleam, —

Went boy and dog, each full of glee ;
 And time would fail to tell
 Of sports and gambols wild and free,
 That both enjoyed so well.

But Will at last was tired of play,
 And merrily he said,
 "Your coat is very soft, old Tray ;
 I'll have it for my bed."

While there he lay in tranquil sleep,
 A stranger sauntered by ;
 He wished the pretty pair to keep
 Within his memory.

He sketched them both ; and now is laid,
Before our friends to-day,
The picture which the artist made
Of William and his Tray.

ED.

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Concluded from p. 115.)

ONE evening in the winter season, about an hour before sunset, on returning from a walk with a friend, we saw a crowd of at least two hundred dogs on the hill in front of the artillery barracks, at the north end of Pera. They seemed closely huddled together ; but there was a large space in the centre of the crowd, and something occupying it which was the point of attraction. Fearing that it might be some one fallen down unwell, or pulled down by these brutes, we made towards the spot, as by this time we had become so accustomed to the manner of frightening the dogs that we had no fear. On a nearer approach, we found an old white horse on the ground, and apparently at the point of death. Every now and then, he was lifting up his head, and gazing on the expectant crowd around him, on which the circle would be considerably enlarged ; but the moment his head dropped, then they gathered more closely around the horse. If ever there was fear expressed in the eye and countenance of an animal, it was in that of the white horse ; for, as he slowly lifted his head from time to time, and gazed around, he seemed as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, and afraid the dogs would begin to eat him before

he was dead. My friend and myself, being provided with two strong oak-sticks, dealt two thundering blows on the skulls of two of the greedy expectants of a feast. They howled fearfully, the others caught up the chorus, and they all set off. The poor old horse seemed thankful, and actually bowed his head as we departed, in token of his gratitude! After we left the scene a few minutes, we looked round and saw the scattered dogs stealthily making their way to the place; and on the following morning, about an hour after sunrise, on going to the same spot, all we found of the horse was a part of one of the legs and the hoof. All the other parts were either devoured or carried away; but how the dogs managed to separate the parts I am at loss to know, as we saw the horse entire very shortly before sunset, and it was not more than an hour after sunrise when we returned to the spot.

The dogs in the burial-grounds have also their localities, beyond which they cannot stir without risking their lives. Their food seems to be the dead subjects of the Ottoman Porte; for, although the Turks bury in a coffin, and also batten it down with boards, the body is not more than from eight to twelve inches from the surface of the earth, and easily got at by the dogs, who, on account of the sloping nature of the greater part of the burial-grounds, can frequently enter a coffin without disturbing much of the surface of the grave, and not only find savory food in the dead Mussulman's tomb, but also cheap and comfortable lodging, if the weather be severe. The burial-ground dog may, on the whole, be said to be better provided against the effects of the weather than he of the street; as the first can at any time find a lodging

in some grave that has formerly served him as a dining-room, while the poor street-dog is obliged to content himself by creeping, in the cold nights, as close to the side of the house as he possibly can. It is a very common thing, after a severe night, for an early riser to see in his morning walk ten or twenty dead dogs; but, as the day wanes apace, these disappear. The dead-dog man appears with his donkey, receives a piastre from the unfortunate Frank near whose door a dead dog is lying, lifts the defunct upon the back of his ass, carries it off, and deposits it in some locality where a few other dogs, more hungry than fastidious, soon make upon the carcass a morning repast.

It has been said by many who have visited Constantinople, that these dogs are perfectly harmless, and will not molest the Frank stranger, unless he disturbs them. This remark may have been true at one time; but it is not so now, as no one in the Frank dress is safe to walk in many portions of the city, unless provided with a good stick, of which they seem to have a very salutary dread, and in most cases will be content to bark and howl at it, without approaching within risk of being touched by it. Any person in the Turkish dress, with a turban on his head, needs no stick, as they never molest the Turks; but, if a Frank hat or cap is worn, a thick stick is indispensable.

One evening, on coming through a small burial-ground, a little before sunset, accompanied by a friend lately arrived, I accidentally strolled on, a little in advance of him. On hearing a howling behind, I looked round, and beheld the gentleman surrounded by about a dozen of these yelping curs. He was dressed with a hat, and wore a

blue cloak, but had no stick. He had turned upon his tormentors, and was endeavoring to kick them, but to no purpose. Seeing that he was rather unpleasantly situated, I made the best of my way towards him; but, before I arrived, they had caught hold of him by the cloak, and pulled him down. The moment I made my appearance, the howling ceased, and the dogs fell back to a respectful distance from the Turkish dress in which I chanced to be walking. The young gentleman got upon his feet again, more frightened than hurt. His cloak was torn in two or three places, but that was all the damage he had received.

At another period, when coming through the same burial-ground, about sunset, dressed in a black hat, surtout, and trousers, without any stick, I was suddenly reminded of my position, by a pack of about ten dogs coming after me at full cry. To run would have been bad, and to stand no better. So, occasionally looking round to deter too near an approach, I walked slowly along, until I picked up two large stones. The moment the movement was observed, they retired; but, I having made a feint of throwing them away, they again approached with a considerable addition to their number. I walked on, and apparently took little notice, until the pack was about three yards from me, when, turning round, I threw one of the stones with all my force among them. It struck one on the head. He gave a most dreadful howl, and tumbled over; the others set up a full chorus, turned tail, and made off with all possible speed.

One fine winter day, when walking on the banks of the Bosphorus, a little below Therapia, along with an

Irish artist, we were passing a Turkish guard-house, and talking on some subject which engaged our attention so much that we were not aware there were any dogs near us, when one caught the Irish gentleman by the calf of the leg, and instantly returned to the sentinel's feet. Enraged beyond measure, my friend seized hold of my stick, and flung it so as to strike the dog's legs. It was, however, too cunning, and evaded him. He was not to be so baulked, and, lifting a stone about fourteen pounds weight, he struck the dog on the chest. It dropped down, and the Turkish sentinel began to abuse him, and threaten imprisonment if he again touched it. He was, however, in too great a passion to care for a Turkish sentinel with an empty musket; and telling him to look to himself, or he would have a touch at him after he was done with the dog, he lifted up a much larger stone, and killed the dog at one blow, as it lay gasping for breath.

In the other instance the aggressor was more fortunate; for, coming along the principal street of Pera, a dog came running out of the ruins of an old building, caught me by the thigh, and tore my trousers. Before I had time to strike him with my stick, he was gone. Although a very unfriendly trick, it was a very nimble one. The wound, however, healed in a few days, as all wounds from these dogs do; for hydrophobia is unknown in Constantinople.

In 1613, Nassuf Pasha, grand vizier to Achmet III., transported all the dogs to Asia, and would have had them there destroyed; but the sultan, on consulting the mufti, was told that every dog had a soul, and consequently forbade it. After the destruction of the Janisaries, Mahmoud seems to have intended to get rid

of them; for he caused an immense number of sausages to be bought, and having poisoned them gave the dogs a feast. Many thousands were thus killed in one day; but the people murmured so much, that he was afraid to commence a second day's work. He therefore ordered them to be expelled to Asia; but the order was very indifferently executed, and they are now again almost as numerous as during the time of the Janissaries. — *Selected.*

PATIENCE GRUE; OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It was nearly sundown, on a beautiful day in the early part of September, that a crowded steamboat was cleaving the waters of a New England bay. She was bearing home a pleasure-party from a populous city, consisting of many men, more women, and more children; and great had been the havoc, that day, among all manner of eatables, without much regard to the wholesomeness thereof. The youngsters, according to the usual practise of Yankee mothers when travelling, whether by land or water, had been stuffed, from the time the steamboat left the wharf at eight in the morning, with gingerbread, candy, peanuts, and sponge-cake (so called, much resembling cork in its texture); and it is a solemn fact, that many of the juvenile digestive organs had even been called upon to do the best they could with baked clams and green apples, at the pleasant seaside spot where they had passed the day. It had been a day of great novelty and enjoyment to most of the company, no doubt, but of great fatigue also; and now some of the children, with

burnt faces and dirty hands, were in an uneasy sleep; others were wide awake, but very tired and cross, — and, to say the truth, so were some of the mothers. Few were in a state to enjoy the glorious spectacle of a sun sinking to the horizon among masses of crimson clouds, and throwing magical tints over land and water, purpling the western sky, and lighting up every tiny white sail that glided over the bay.

All the passengers, however, did not belong to the excursion-party. A few were merely using the boat for the convenience of passing from one city to another, and had gone on board at a point much below the beach where the pleasure-seekers had been dipping, swinging, bowling, eating, laughing, and toiling, all day. Among these quiet people were a lady, gentleman, and young girl about twelve or thirteen. The latter, Georgiana Henderson, was surveying the groups about them with an air of some amusement and more contempt; while her parents were admiring the beautiful lights and shadows flitting over the scenery, and lending unwonted charms to the shores of N—— Bay.

“Georgiana,” said Mrs. Henderson, “look at that pretty house on the hill.”

Georgiana turned her eyes to the spot, and exclaimed, “Oh, I should like such a house as that! verandas, and a conservatory, and a terrace down to the water! that is a beautiful house.”

“I don’t think you would like to live there,” said her father.

“I am *sure* I should,” said the young lady, very positively. “It is exactly such a house as I should like.”

"The house might suit you, my dear, but not the situation."

"The situation! why, I thought you and mother were admiring all these shores, and saying, 'What beautiful sites for country seats!' and here is an elegant house on a hill, jutting right into the bay, water almost all around it. Why, it is charming, and I only wish we were going to live there."

"And don't you see how lonely it is?" inquired her mother.

Georgiana studied the locality for a few minutes, and said, with a little pertinacity in her manner, "Well, I don't see any houses near it, to be sure; but nobody would care for neighbors in such a lovely spot: I am sure I should not."

Her mother smiled; and her father said, "I should be sorry to try you, Georgy. A girl who is fresh from a day-school of fifty scholars, who goes to a riding-school and dancing school, and belongs to a musical circle that meets once a week, and a class for French conversation that meets twice a week, and has twenty intimate friends at least, might feel rather solitary in that handsome house, verandas, terraces, and all."

Georgiana, as usual with her, had taken her first impressions, and could consider nothing else. She turned with an unconvinced air to gaze at the already fading mansion, and exclaimed, "Ah, father! they *have* neighbors. I see chimneys peeping through the trees away behind there."

Her father raised his glass. "Yes, I distinguish something of the sort, but that house may not contain real neighbors; and, besides, it must be a mile off."

"A mile ! Oh, no, father ! it cannot be more than a quarter of a mile, I am sure."

"Well, I dare say we shall know how that is. I think your Uncle Grue has not yet returned to the city, and that in all probability you will make your visit to your cousin at their house on the shore. I suspect, from the description, that it is your uncle's house we have been admiring."

"Oh ! do you really think so ?" cried Georgiana : "that will be too good. I only wish I were going to live there."

Mr. Henderson dropped the subject ; and, ere long, the boat slackened her speed, like some wise living creature, as she came among the shipping and wharves ; and, in half an hour more, the weary throng, laden with baskets and children, some of them even dragging a baby's wagon, had crowded the wharf, and slowly disappeared.

Mr. Henderson went to a hotel, and there found a note from Mr. Grue, who regretted that his wife and daughter were still at their house on the shore, but promised to come and take Mr. Henderson's family down there after breakfast. So Georgiana retired, full of delightful anticipations.

"Patience Grue ! Patience Grue !" she repeated several times the next morning at the table. "I am sure of one thing, mother : I shall not like that cousin of mine. Such a horrid name I never heard. I think grandmother had a queer taste in names ; yours is the only decent one in the family. 'Hope' is really pretty ; but there are Aunts, Patience, Faith, and Charity ! I never could like people with such odd names ; and I think one reason I have never cared to see my cousin Patience was because

she had such an unpromising appellation. I have no patience with Patience, and Grue is most 'gruesome.' I saw that word in an extract from some old poet the other day, and I have no doubt my cousin will be just as 'gruesome' as her name."

"Georgiana, my dear, don't run on so; you are really talking foolishly," said her mother, with rather more decision than usual; and Georgiana, looking up surprised, saw a pleasant gentlemanly-looking person smiling upon her, whom she recognized as her Uncle Grue, though she had not seen him for several years. He made no comment on the unlucky speech he must have heard, but greeted them all cordially; and in half an hour they were rolling out of the city in his easy carriage.

It was a charming drive, now through rural scenery already rich with autumnal abundance, and now yielding broad views of the bay glittering in the morning sunlight.

In a couple of hours they passed a low farm-house, quite small and ordinary; and Mr. Grue remarked, "These are my nearest neighbors."

"Not much of neighbors, I should think," said Georgiana.

"Why, no, not in one sense: they are too busy to come, and see us much; but you know we come down here for the sake of quiet. They are excellent, kind people, these Flints."

"How far is it to your house?" asked Mrs. Henderson.

"About a mile."

Mr. Henderson glanced at Georgiana, who said nothing. The road now turned towards the water, and descended considerably; very soon it became a mere bit of stony

sand and beach-grass, with the waves murmuring on either side.

"Why, you really live on a peninsula, remarked Mr. Henderson.

"Yes," replied Mr. Grue, "and sometimes when the tide is high, and the wind strong from the right quarter, we are insulated; the water washes quite across."

The road soon led them up into a pleasant little grove, and then through a sheltered thriving orchard, and across a somewhat rocky ridge, whence the eye roamed over a wide and beautiful prospect; and then they swept round to the side-piazza of the very house in which Georgiana had longed to live, as they came up the bay the day previous.

She was enchanted with the novelty, and exhilarated with the sea-breeze, and could hardly help dancing along the broad hall. Her aunt appeared to give them a most kindly welcome, — a plain, sedate, elderly lady, simply dressed; and through the open doors of the conservatory they saw a young girl tying up one or two delicate plants which had been brought in from the veranda, where the breeze was too mighty, even on this warm morning.

"Patience," said her mother, scarcely raising her voice; and the young girl instantly came out. Georgiana slightly shrugged her shoulders, as she heard the name against which she had formed such a prejudice, and then took a survey of the cousin whom she now saw for the first time. She was a year younger than Georgiana, large of her age, with a healthy complexion, but no pretensions whatever to beauty. She had a very still face, low voice, and timid manner. Her whole appearance was certainly very unlike that of the precocious

little maidens with whom Georgiana associated in the city, and the city-girl took her first impressions very promptly and decidedly.

Still Georgiana enjoyed the day highly. Patience had a great deal to show her, in her own quiet way. The prettiest hens, a capital swing, a noble Newfoundland dog, and an Italian grayhound, did very well to begin with; and after dinner they all went out upon the calm waters in Mr. Grue's pretty sail-boat, the "Lily;" and then Georgiana had a fine canter about the lawn on the well-trained pony.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

THE CROCODILE AND THE ZICZAC.

I HAD always a strong predilection for crocodile-shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion, I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet in length, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and, noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came cautiously down to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game.

I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank; there he was within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I found he was attended by a bird, called a ziczac. It is of the plover

species, and of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved; for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziczac! ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and dashed into the water with a splash that covered me with mud; he then dived into the river, and disappeared.

The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry (as I thought) with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry at his impertinence. After having waited some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, and, throwing a clod of earth at the ziczac, came back into the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game, in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been doubted by several writers on natural history. — *Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant.*

GOD IN THE FLOWER. — A gentleman being invited by an honorable personage to see a stately building, erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, he desired to be excused, and to sit still, looking on a flower which he held in his hand. "For," said he, "I see more of God in this flower than all the beautiful edifices in the world." — *Selected.*

"BE COURTEOUS."

1 PETER, III. 8.

DID any of our young friends ever read this exhortation in the Bible? And, having read it, did any ever try to put it in practice? We hope some have; but we will talk with you all about it for the benefit of those who have not. Some children try very hard to be polite; that is, they are always careful to say, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," "Please," and "Thank you," and to give up a seat to those older than themselves, or to find the place in the hymn-book for others at church. They do these things from habit, because they have been taught such simple forms from their earliest years, or, better still, to please their parents.

But, after all, perhaps they are not really polite. Tom, who will find the place in the hymn-book for his aunt, rustles the leaves of his own hymn-book, or nestles uneasily on his seat, so that she loses a great part of the sermon. Mary rises from the rocking-chair to give it to grandpapa, and then sits down directly between him and the window, so that he can scarcely see to read. It is very plain that neither of these two children are polite.

True politeness is a Christian virtue. Do not let any of our little readers be shocked to hear the word *virtue* applied to politeness. Is it not a virtue to do all in your power to make others comfortable and happy? Is it not a virtue to refrain from any thing which you see annoys others? Yes: you all agree that these things are vir-

tuous, because they are self-denying. True politeness is no more and no less than this. Cultivate, then, the spirit of Christian kindness, and the grace of politeness will be added unconsciously. Look around among all your friends, and you will notice that the person who is uniformly the most polite is the most Christian in character.

Some children think that their politeness is a dress, too nice to be worn at home, and only to be assumed on special occasions. They will be polite to their playmates, and to all their older friends abroad; but at home they are rude to their brothers and sisters, and often, we grieve to say, to their parents. Now, this could not be, were their politeness derived from their hearts, and were kind and gentle feelings the source of it. The kind-hearted child would be most courteous at home, because those it loved best, and for whose comfort it was most desirous, were gathered there.

We can call to mind those on whom Nature has bestowed very few gifts, whose awkwardness is so tempered by a daily life of usefulness and duty, that they are remarkable everywhere for their thoughtful courtesy. Not in set forms of speech, not in actions, but in the spirit itself lies the genuine politeness which is most acceptable and most graceful.

Little reader, would you be truly polite? Then make the Golden Rule your daily study and practice; and that will teach you better lessons than whole volumes on etiquette, or long lectures on good manners. ED.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“WHAT is life, father ?” A battle, my child,
 Where the strongest lance may fail ;
 Where the wariest eye may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail ;
 Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day or night,
 And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight.

“What is death, father ?” The rest, my child,
 When the strife and the toil are o’er, —
 The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
 Says we need fight no more ;
 Who driveth away the demon-bands,
 Bids the din of the battle cease,
 Takes the banner and spear from falling hands,
 And proclaims an eternal peace.

“Let *me* die, father ! I tremble and fear
 To fall in that terrible strife !”
 The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
 In the battle-field of Life.
 Courage ! thy foes may be strong and tried,
 But he loveth the weak and small ;
 The angels of heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all !

Household Words.

GABRIELLA.

(Continued from p. 121.)

GABRIELLA did as she was told, too much astonished to do otherwise; and, being very hungry, she ate the bread and milk with great pleasure. "I should like to know—" she began, as she was eating, and then stopped short.

"Know what, child?"

"Who you are, and why I am here, and where papa is."

"The child has certainly lost her senses," said the woman, as if to herself. "Why, I am Mrs. Miller, and you are my little daughter Greta, and your father is ploughing yonder. And you are here, because you have come home from a visit to your cousin Christina."

Gabriella pushed aside the empty bowl. "I'm not your child," she said, "and this is not my home. I want my own father and mother. My mother is a lady, and my name is Gabriella Von Arnheim."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Miller, good-humoredly; "Call yourself what you like, but come and do your work. Here is the towel; now wipe the dishes, and set them up, before father comes."

No, she wouldn't; she went to the step of the door, and sat down, looking around in vain for any sign of another house. Soon the farmer appeared. "So, Miss Greta, you are up at last. But what are you sitting here for? Has your mother no work for you to do?"

Gabriella pouted at this. "I don't live here," she said, "and I wish you would let me alone."

The farmer made no reply, but stepped into the house, and conversed with his wife in a low tone. Then he came back to the door, lifted Gabriella to her feet, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. "Listen to me," said he. "Your mother tells me you are full of whims to-day, and choose to be idle, and call yourself by fine names. Let us have no more such conduct; do the work given you to do, or you'll get nothing to eat; of that you may be very sure. And do not be impertinent to me or your mother, unless you wish a taste of the rod. Remember!" And he left the house.

Gabriella was very much puzzled, and consequently frightened too; but she was wilful and stubborn, and determined to have her own way. The farmer and his wife said no more to her, but adhered steadily to what had been said in the morning; so she went supperless as well as dinnerless to bed, crying herself to sleep. The next morning, however, she consented to do the work required of her, for she was very hungry and quite tired of doing nothing; and she dared not run off to the woods at which she wistfully gazed, lest the farmer should use the rod, as he had threatened. In vain she cried and fretted, in vain she pouted and rebelled; every time, she found herself obliged to work, and obliged to obey. She could not account for her situation, unless the fairies of whom her father had spoken had changed her into Greta Miller, as a punishment for her misconduct. The more she thought of it, the more convinced she became that this was the case; and then she began to think it possible that she might sometime see her own darling mother again. She had dearly loved her father and mother; and she cried bitterly when she thought, as she often did, that

she might never more see her pleasant home, her kind parents, and her sweet-tempered governess; but she had yielded to necessity, and though she would not call Mr. and Mrs. Miller father and mother, she had learned to be obedient and industrious. Still it was with reluctance, and she often longed for Miss Grosvenor and her lessons again.

Mrs. Miller was kind and good, and the little girl really loved her; she liked to help her in the house, to go into the forest with her, to listen to the stories she told and the songs she sung, to accompany her when she visited her nearest neighbor, who lived a mile and a half away, and had a little girl some nine or ten years old who was a cripple. It became a great pleasure to Gabriella or Greta, as she was now called, to gather flowers and berries for this child, to tell her all she could remember of the books she had read, and at last, when she knew her better, to talk to her of her other home, her sweet, beautiful mamma, her noble papa, who she declared looked exactly like the knight in the wonderful German stories, of her governess, her garden, her pony, and all the pleasures she had there. And poor lame Minna Wendel would listen with delight, and a flush of pleasure would tinge her pale cheek, as she heard these, to her, wonderful narratives. She entered fully into her new friend's fancy that fairies had changed her, and gratified both by constantly calling her Gabriella, which she considered a much prettier name than Greta.

One day the little girl came to Mrs. Miller; and, kneeling down by her side and crossing her arms in the good woman's lap, she timidly repeated to her the remark her

father had made, and asked if she thought it were possible that she had been changed by fairy influence.

"I wish it might be so," answered Mrs. Miller, softly stroking the child's bright hair. "For then I might hope sometime to have my own merry, happy Greta back again."

"Am I not Greta then?" asked the child anxiously.

"You look like her. My Greta was just your size, and had just such deep blue eyes and auburn hair; but she was always pleasant and good, and went singing about her work or play, as if she really loved to help me, and to make her home a happy one. If the fairies have changed you, may it not be that you may learn to be like her?"

Such a light of hope as flashed into the child's eyes!

"And if I learn to be good and happy, like your own Greta, will the fairies carry me back again?"

"Perhaps so; I cannot tell. But you can try."

And she did try, with all the energy that love and hope could impart; sadly recalling, meanwhile, the trouble and pain she must have caused her gentle lady mother and her kind governess, by her heedless and wilful conduct. "Oh, how naughty I have been!" she sighed. "If ever I do see my own dear home again, I will be obedient, and careful to do right. Her first thought in the morning was to try to do every thing willingly and well; her last prayer at night, that she might become so good as to be carried home again, that she might ask her parents to forgive her, and might show them by her conduct how truly repentant she was. She had been taught prayers, but she had repeated them only as a matter of form and duty: now, however, they

came from her heart; and kneeling by the little window, and looking up to the calm sky, or upon the fair green meadows and grand old forest-trees, because God seemed nearer to her there, she entreated night after night to be helped to become a good girl. If, in her childish simplicity, she mingled her belief in the fairies with her faith in the Father above, her prayers were no less sincere, and none the less acceptable; and, encouraged by Minna Wendel, to whom she confided all her thoughts, and who assured her that the good Father in heaven *always* heard and granted children's prayers, she began to be almost certain that she might sometime be restored to her parents. But she often despaired; for, growing more conscientious and sincere, she could better see her faults, and so that happy time seemed ever farther distant.

"You are a darling child, Greta," said Mrs. Miller one day. "I almost think now, my own happy little daughter is come back. And your father says you have been so good that he will take you to the great fair next week."

"And will he not take you too?" asked the child, hanging fondly over the mother's chair.

"Yes, we will go together, and start in the afternoon, so as to stop all night on the way, and arrive without being tired the next morning. We shall be very happy, all of us, I think; and you shall buy something pretty for Minna Wendel."

A. A.

(To be continued.)

THE HOME OF SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a little village, situated on the river Avon, called Stratford. It is not very remarkable for the beauty of its situation, — although it is pretty enough, — and, indeed, it has few intrinsic attractions; yet it is, nevertheless, one of the most famous places in old England. It is known all over the civilized world, and thousands every year make pilgrimages to it. They do not worship there, as Mohammedans do at Mecca; but they go there because of their admiration of the genius of the greatest bard that ever lived. There, in a cottage still standing, was born *William Shakspeare*. In that little village, near which the Avon flows so noiselessly, the great poet spent the years of romping boyhood. From that spot the great world first heard of him; and there, in the parish church, all that is mortal of him now reposes. I cannot tell you with what enthusiasm my heart throbbed, as I took my seat on the top of the veritable stage-coach which was to convey me to Stratford. Though I had previously visited nearly all the scenes of Napoleon's great victories, and had seen I know not how many beds on which the hero had slept; though I had lounged in his favorite state-carriage, traced the letters he had cut with the imperial pen-knife on a tree at Isola Bella on the very day of the battle of Marengo, and had followed his track over the Alps, and rambled over many of his battle-fields, — I had never felt a tithe of the interest in that great man, all covered with glory and blood, that I did now in this pilgrimage to the early haunts of Shakspeare.

I stopped at the same inn where Washington Irving remained while in Stratford. The obliging host showed me a pair of tongs and a poker which his literary guest has honored in his "Sketch-book." He keeps them as relics, and is vastly proud of them. "That poker," said he, "which is hardly worth a *haypenny*, (the English people almost always pronounce half-penny in this manner), I would not sell for a hundred pounds."

The house where Shakspeare was born is, on the whole, the most noted lion in Stratford. To it I repaired in an hour after my arrival. An elderly lady shows us what there is to be seen in the old mansion. To hear her talk, you would almost fancy it was Ann Hathaway herself, the veritable wife of the great poet. The building is antique enough. It is quite a humble affair. There is nothing lordly in its appearance without or within. The truth is, Shakspeare's father was far from being a rich man. Will had to make his way in the world by his own labor, or his own wit, which is about the same thing. You can't imagine what a multitude of names there are in a book which they keep here. As I turned over its pages,—and this, you must know, is only one of the pile of books which have been written over in the same way,—it really seemed to me as if all the great men and women who had lived since the death of the great poet had made a pilgrimage there. Here I saw the names, written with their own hands, of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, Walter Scott, Byron, Washington Irving, James Hogg, Joanna Baillie, the Duke of Wellington, George IV., William IV., Maria Edgeworth, Daniel Webster, and I cannot stop to tell you how many more equally distinguished personages. The walls and the ceiling of the

room in which the book is kept are all covered over with names, as closely as they can be written; and the good lady who does the honors of the mansion told us, that the present generation of names is the third or fourth which have successively flourished, the whole room having been whitewashed as many times, by which process all the heroes then on the stage were consigned to oblivion. It is proper to state, that there are two houses in Stratford, between which a spicy and rather spiteful rivalry exists, each claiming to be the great centre of attraction. I believe there is no doubt that the house they show us as the birthplace of the poet is genuine. Some of these relics, the most of which are to be found in the other house I have alluded to, are not quite so well authenticated. However, this rival house is a vastly interesting place to visit, and no hunter after Shakspearean antiquities should leave Stratford without exploring it. They have more enthusiasm here than they have at the old homestead. That is one good thing. They talk none of the stupid gibberish of the parrot to you; but they show the relics as if they had caught some of the fire that burned in the soul of the great bard, as I make no doubt they have. They are descendants of Shakspeare, they tell us; and the grandmother of the lady who entertained us was born in the same room where William first saw the light. Shakspeare's chair, the identical chair in which he was wont to sit, they reverently show us, as also a great many other things; all of which I gazed upon with a great deal of faith, mingled with a few drachms of skepticism. Reams of poetry, taken from the old house, have accumulated here. Some of it is good, some bad, and the greater portion indifferent.

A picture of David and Goliath, not by any means in the highest style of art, is shown us as the one, if my memory serves me, over the mantelpiece of the best room in Shakspeare's house. It is dated 1606, and underneath it are these lines, which certainly were not written by Milton, unless at a very tender age:—

“Goliath comes with sword and speare,
And David with his sling;
Although Goliath rage and sweare,
Down David doth him bring.”

The church in which Shakspeare was interred is quite an old edifice. I attended service there on Sunday. It is delightfully situated on the banks of the Avon. The approach to it is by a long avenue formed by two rows of beautiful lime-trees.

The poet's monument is in the chancel. A bust on the wall, above the spot where he was interred, is said to be a very truthful likeness. It is from this bust that most of the likenesses of Shakspeare were originally taken. On a plain slab over his remains are these lines, written by himself:—

“Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg ye dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

These lines, probably, have prevented the removal of the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey. Nobody cares to run the risk of incurring the anathema which stares at us on the face of this stone.

Shakspeare's wife is interred by his side. On a brass plate is this inscription:—“Here lyeth interred ye body of Anne, wife of William Shakspeare, who departed this

life ye 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

Just before I left Stratford, I took a long stroll on the banks of the Avon. Fine willow-trees grow on either side of the stream. A company of merry boys were trying their luck with hooks and lines along the banks; the cunning fish serving them, for the most part, I thought, much as they used to serve me when I tried to coax them out of the "Great Brook;" that is, they gave the young anglers a wide berth. A cane which I cut from the bank of the Avon is one of the choicest mementoes which I brought away with me from my fatherland. — *Selected.*

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years ago, a little girl, whom we will call Margaret Finch, was standing at the door of her father's house. It was a bright winter morning; but the air was mild, and not a flake of snow lay on the ground. The trees were bare and leafless; but, here and there, in sheltered nooks, the snow-drops were blossoming, and the grass wore a fresh, green hue. It was just such a morning as would have tempted almost any child to jump and run, and frolic in the pleasant air. But our pale little Margaret scarcely had strength to walk; and so she stood quietly in the door-way, enjoying the breeze in her own silent manner.

The dwellings around were of the simplest construction; some were huts, and others, like her father's, comfortable log-houses. Behind and around the little

settlement was an unbroken pine-forest, which scented the air with its fragrance. Before, a beautiful river rolled its blue, sparkling waves to the ocean.

The village seemed almost deserted. Here and there, a half-famished dog prowled along, thrusting his nose into every corner with the hope of finding something eatable. The door of the smithy stood wide open; but there was no fire in the forge, and no sound of the hammer of the anvil; and the wind blew the dead ashes, in little clouds, out into the silent street.

Margaret was a thoughtful child for her years, and the hardships of a settler's child had given an unwonted maturity to her character. She sighed as she looked at the empty forge, and was plunged in a train of gloomy reflections, when suddenly she thought she heard a child cry near her. Two younger children, the playmates and pets of her happier hours, had many weeks ago been laid to rest by the dancing river, and she alone was left to her parents. She started when she heard the sound. "It is some poor little motherless babe," she thought, "wailing for her who can never come back to it. I will search it out, and strive to comfort it."

She stepped back into the house, took a warm shawl from its accustomed peg, and went slowly forth in the direction of the cries. "The infants of our colony are few," she mused; "whose can be uttering these doleful sounds?" Her curiosity was soon gratified. Within their own garden enclosure, lay, in its curious cradle of bark, a little Indian child of perhaps nine months old.

Margaret raised it from the ground with pity for the child, and fear lest some chief or squaw might be lurking near. She wrapped her own shawl around the little creature, who seemed to be almost perishing with the

cold; while she glanced, with a keen and practised eye, into the skirts of the dark forest around her. But she detected the glitter of no falcon eye, and the waving of no lofty plume. It was with difficulty that her strength sufficed to carry the child the short distance to her own door-step. But it was at length accomplished, and she sat down exhausted by the fireside, close to which she deposited the little foundling.

"Margaret," said the low voice of her mother, questioningly and reprovingly, "whence comes that little savage? and why do you bring it to our fireside?"

"Ah, mother! I found it, perishing with cold, within our garden boundary."

"And some Indian mother may have left it there, purposing to take it again. My dear daughter, restore it, I beseech you. Woe may betide the whole colony, if you take the child within our dwelling."

"Nay, my dear mother. The squaws travel many miles with their infants on their backs, and without weariness. This poor creature has been, doubtless, abandoned to our mercies, and cast upon our protection. Else, why should it have been placed within our garden?"

"And how can we sustain that child, Margaret, when famine is wasting our own flesh, and when we count the grains of corn for each day's meal?"

"Ah, mother! we cannot cast it forth to die of cold and hunger. See how sweetly it sleeps now?" And she pointed to the child, who, warmed by the blaze, had sunk into a gentle slumber.

Her mother rose, and gazed upon it. Young as it was, it had all the distinguishing beauties of the Ameri-

can race; — a profusion of silky black hair, — regular features, — and the upper part of its body, not encased in the bark, was singularly robust and well shaped.

Just then the father of Margaret entered. Toil and want had sharpened his features like those of his wife and child; but they wore not the quiet look of resigned patience, as did those of the female's. Gloom and despondency had settled there; and he flung himself heavily upon the rude bench.

"It is even as I feared," he groaned. "Honest Gould, the smith, lies stretched upon his bed, with this ghastly famine-fever. Life is scarcely in his frame. One poor babe died this morning, and the other moans beside him, while he has not strength to turn his head for its succor. Mistress Wing had concocted, she only knows how, some nourishing food, which she gave him by the spoonful. But she cannot save him, angel as she is, — it is too late." He paused a moment, uttered a deep groan, and then proceeded. "I set myself to reckon the number of the survivors, and we are now only ninety. More than four-fifths have perished. The last bushel of grain has been distributed from the storehouse, and where are we to find aid for our sore distress?"

Joseph Finch's wife, a pious and devout woman, answered him in the words of the beautiful psalm, while her faith lighted up her wasted countenance: "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." After a pause, she added, "Here, too, is another claimant for our bounty. See what Margaret has found in our garden;" and she raised the frail cradle, and displayed the pappoose.

"We must restore it to the place where it was laid,"

he answered. "We have not enough to keep the famine from our own door; and even, if we had aught to spare, it were better we helped our poor neighbors than this heathen child."

"Nay, father! Let it stay," pleaded Margaret. "We cannot cast it forth to die; for such would be its fate. Our cow is yet spared to us, and there is yet hay in the barn, which may last for a little time, at least, until the grass begins to spring. It is green already in the sheltered nooks."

Her father looked sadly upon her. "Your portion of milk is but small now, my daughter, and the stout little Indian would easily consume it."

"Then will I drink water, my father; but never, with my consent, shall this helpless little one be left to perish."

"But it is the child of the red man, — of our enemy: forget not their wiles. They may have placed this little one near us for a snare."

Margaret's pale face became crimson; the fear of being disrespectful to her father being combined with the love for the innocent being she had already begun to love, as she said, "*Love your enemies.*"

The father sat in thought for a long time. Margaret was now his only child. She was gentle and docile, and all that a parent could wish. He could not disappoint her; and at length he said, "Keep the child then, daughter. But, mark, if a red man comes near the settlement, I shall inquire if he knows to whom it belongs; and, if its mother is to be found, it must be restored."

Margaret gladly consented, feeling convinced in her own mind that the squaw would never be discovered.

With what gladness did she give the child her share of the milk for the mid-day meal, and moisten the cake of bread she herself ate with water! and the little outcast, as if conscious of the kindness and self-denial, smiled upon her, and uttered his joy as babies of every race are accustomed to do.

Our little heroine lived, as our readers may have before this conjectured, in the new settlement of Jamestown in Virginia. Its leader, the active and energetic Smith, had returned wounded to England, and the colony was distracted with bad government, as well as by famine. Day after day did the settlers watch the eastern horizon for the first glimpse of the sails that were to bring the long-expected, long-delayed supplies. Night after night, they lay down upon their pillows in the sickening anguish of suspense. Daily, — hourly, — dwindled their numbers. The little children, and the feeble, sorrowing mothers, went first; then followed the stout men and the strong youths to the land where hunger and thirst are unknown.

Joseph Finch was one of the wealthiest of the Virginia planters. Thus it happened, that, though pinched and straitened, his cow was still left to him, and the corn in his chest was not wholly exhausted. But, though he possessed that which would, if carefully hoarded, preserve the life of his small family for a while longer, yet the sight of so much distress, and the fear lest, if he gave to the suffering, he might see those he loved best in need, distracted his heart and cast a cloud over his countenance.

Slowly the last days of winter passed away, and the first tender blades began to spring from the brown earth.

Blue violets nodded at every step, and the delicate spring flowers abounded. Smaller yet had become the colony, and only sixty members were left in four weeks from the day on which Margaret had found the Indian child. Joseph Finch had reduced still more their meagre fare, that he might aid in preserving the lives of some less fortunate than himself. Still the little foundling had his meal of milk, while Margaret still drank water. He had already become attached to Margaret, who had assumed the whole care of him, and whose greatest delight it was to play with him, or to attend to his wants. He was crawling one morning on the floor of the house, and Margaret was watching him, when she heard her father call her in quick eager tones. Hastily shutting the door of the house, she followed the direction of her father's voice, and was soon on a little eminence not far distant.

"Your eyes are quick, Margaret. Look yonder, and tell me if you see aught but the blue ocean."

"Yes, my father, I see two far-off specks of white, like the sails we once saw at sea."

"Come with me, then, to the point beyond the town, whence we can perceive more clearly. Hope has been so long delayed, that now I dare not trust it. Still less would I excite false expectations in the breasts of our poor neighbors." The father and daughter hurried to the point, too full of thought for speech by the way. But once there, one glance sufficed them. Two vessels were, in the distance, coming towards the little port with a favorable wind.

Margaret sunk on her knees, and her father kneeled beside her, with hearts too full for spoken thanks. When they rose, after casting another look upon the

advancing aid, they went soberly into the village-street to proclaim the glad tidings. Tears stood in all eyes; and only here and there a broken ejaculation, or a sob from some full heart, proclaimed the general thanksgiving.

All who were able went towards the point to gaze at the ships, although some hours must pass before they could arrive. Margaret left her father, and went quickly home. Her mother read some unwonted news in the kindling of her eye, and the eager question and answer were made in the same instant. At about noon, the cheer of the sailors was heard from the vessel, and the feeble response of the settlers was sent back to them. What follows is matter of sober history, and may be read by any of our young readers. We can only imagine the deep joy and gratitude with which the plentiful meal was now eaten, and the relief which the wise government of Gates and Summers, who arrived in the vessels, afforded.

Our story deals only with some passages in the life of Margaret Finch, and the consequences of her adoption of the little Indian boy. And here we must drop the thread of our narrative, to resume it some years later, when Margaret was no longer a child.

ED.

(To be continued.)

"I MUST OBEY GOD."

THESE words echoed in the thoughts of a scholar who was returning home from Sunday School. They had just been repeated to him very impressively by his Sunday-school teacher. His teacher was going away upon a long voyage, and had been bidding his class farewell.

He told them this was the last lesson he should ever give them, and he wanted to say something to them that they should never forget. Then he said that he wished those four words, "I must obey God," might always remain in their hearts. He told them, that, whenever there came a time that it was necessary they should make a decision in regard to their study, they must listen to the words, clearly sounding, "I must obey God."

And so Harry was repeating those words to himself, as he went home. His way led through a street, in which he passed some noisy boys who were talking in a language that shocked him now more than ever such language had done before. They were boys who were fancying they were having their own way, when really the younger were yielding to and imitating the older boys, and when the older were giving themselves up to the worst passions. He shuddered at the tone with which one of these older boys spoke to the smaller ones, showing how he ruled them, while he was ruled himself by his own passions. Harry said to himself as he passed on, "I — I must obey God."

When he left the more crowded town, and his path led through the shady woods, every thing was quiet, except the rushing of the leaves, and the gay song of the birds. Their notes were very joyful, and seemed to sing a song of praise. "How happily they are singing," he thought, and then determined that he would always say with joyousness, "I must obey God."

He reached the farmhouse where his home was, and saw the fields that lay about, in which he should find his to-morrow's work; and there came back upon him the remembrance of all the duties that the week would bring with it; and the boy thought how work and play, laugh-

ter and weariness, might drive out from his remembrance the words that had impressed him.

But the week-days came and went, and there followed days of great trials, and times when Henry scarcely knew whether he should follow his own inclination, or take up some hard duty, when there seemed to be many duties calling him, and many masters. There were hours when temptation came, and when resolution was ready to yield. There were times of very hard work, when it seemed as if he could think of nothing but the present moment, and as if it must shut out all spiritual cares. But, in all these times of doubt and trial, there remained in his heart the remembrance of these words, "I must obey God."

Sometimes it was very hard to say them. The listening to them seemed to separate him sometimes from companions he would like to follow. But at length they came with a tone of triumph; they brought him to consciousness, that before him was a leader, in trusting whom there could be no failure. The will of God is that which rules in heaven, and it is the creator of heavenly things; and whosoever desires the will of God on earth is following after him who always did the will of God, and so triumphed even in death.

The words, then, "I must obey God," are no longer the forced utterance of one who finds it hard to give his submission, but the joyous tone of one who knows who is his Master, and who is proud of his service. He is no longer wandering about among the lower things of earth, debasing his higher powers to an ignoble service; but he has a master who is the Lord, a God, too, who is the Father, and loveth those who obey him. — *Sunday-school Gazette.*

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT
FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

(Concluded from p. 178.)

THIRTEEN years had rolled away since we last saw Margaret Finch. She was now no longer a child, but a woman; yet none of the endearing qualities of the child were lost, but had ripened and expanded into a most lovely character. The green turf covered all that was mortal of her gentle, fragile mother; and Joseph Finch had taken to his home and heart, after her death, his daughter and her husband. He was now feeble and infirm, from the hardships and sufferings he had endured, and rarely stirred from his own fireside. But where was the little Indian? Not long did he experience Margaret's kindness. He was a lively, interesting child; and soon learned, under her care, to talk, and sport round her in her household duties, or to keep pace with her springing, active walk through the village street. She often went with him into the forest, where he chased the smaller animals, or aimed his pebble at the soaring bird, with the true spirit of the Indian hunter; and then, when he saw Margaret's reproving glance, he came quietly back to her side.

Margaret had followed her own childish fancy in naming him. Full of the faith of childhood, she was persuaded that God had sent the child to her especial protection; and therefore she chose to call him "Theodore," because she had been told that that name signified "the gift of God." So they lived till Theodore was five

years old, when one warm day, after the noontide meal was over, Margaret fancied that the forest shades would afford some relief to her burning frame ; and, taking her young charge with her, they were soon under the cool, green canopy. Margaret took from her pocket the needlework she had brought with her, while Theodore played among the trees, always taking care, as she had bidden him, never to go so far away that he could not see her. Soon an unwonted drowsiness stole over her ; her work fell from her hands, and she slept, leaning against a mossy trunk. The boy drew near, and, seeing her asleep, suppressed his shouts and laughter, lest he should wake her, and either chased the bee, or plucked the flow-erets, casting ever and anon a backward glance upon his "little mamma," as he was accustomed to call her. Suddenly he felt himself seized by a rough grasp. He strove to call to his protectress ; but a hand was placed across his mouth, and he was hurried rapidly away. After a long time he was placed on the ground, and a bandage tied over his eyes ; and then he was again raised, and borne on at a swift pace. Once his captor forded a river, for Theodore heard it gurgling beneath him ; then he knew, by the slow and weary step, that his bearer was ascending a hill, and then they stopped. The bandage was removed, and Theodore saw himself among those of his own race. They heeded not his cries ; for, until now, fright and the rapid motion had kept him quite silent ; and one red woman embraced him over and over again, as Margaret had used to do. But when he cried loud and long, an old chief, of a threatening aspect, scowled so fiercely upon him that he was forced to be silent. Ere long he became accustomed to his new mode of life, and learned

the language of his tribe, and knew that the red woman who had clasped him to her heart was his mother; but he never forgot his "little mamma." Every morning and evening, he withdrew into some thicket where he could not be observed, to repeat in English the prayer she had taught him, and to add, in his childish way, prayers for her, and for all the loved and familiar objects of his home. Thus some words of the first tongue he had known were indelibly impressed on his memory. We return to Margaret. When she awoke from her sleep, her first thought was of Theodore; and she called him aloud, but he gave no reply. Then she imagined that he was hiding himself in sport; and she penetrated as far as she dared into the forest in search of him, but without success. Blaming herself for suffering slumber to creep over her, she went hastily home, and summoned her father, with some of his laborers, to aid her in looking for her darling. But in vain. She supposed him lost in the forest, and pictured him to herself, starving, or torn to pieces by wild beasts. The thought that he was reclaimed by his tribe never entered her mind. Long did she mourn for him; but time consoled her grief, and other occupations and other affections took possession of her mind. A worthy, industrious young planter asked and obtained both her consent, and that of her parents to his marriage with her. Mrs. Finch had lived just long enough to see them united, when she died. And now a dark-haired boy, but with a fair, white skin, filled a place nearer her heart than the foundling. Yet often, when he followed her in her employments, or walked with her to the forest, she sadly thought of Theodore.

One day, as she sat spinning at her door, with her

little blue-eyed girl at her feet, and her son busily employed with a little spade in the garden, a young Indian stopped at the gate. Their intercourse with the white men had become now more frequent, so that Margaret was not at all surprised to see him, and inquired if he wanted water. She went to draw it for him, and when she gave it to him, he gazed steadily in her face for a moment, and then said, "Little mamma."

"Theodore, Theodore, my little Theodore!" and Margaret threw her arms around the tall stripling as she had done around the infant nearly nine years before. How full of pleasure on both sides was the meeting! Theodore was prevailed upon to stay with them all night, that Mr. Peck, Margaret's husband, might see him, and talk with him. They found it difficult at first to understand each other, but Theodore's English came back to him gradually as he heard those around him speak it; and, before they retired for the night, his white friends had heard the particulars of his capture, which we have related above. He told them also that he had since learned that his father, a noted chief, had been killed by the chief of another tribe, and that the victor sought also the life of his child. One of his father's faithful attendants, knowing there would be no safety for him among the Indians, had travelled far with him, and placed him under the protection of the whites. After about four years the hostile chief had died, and the same attendant had sought for him, recognized him by some marks upon his person, and had taken him back to his mother.

The grateful lad could not find words to express his sense of Margaret's kindness to him so long ago. He remained with her nearly a week, and occupied himself

in carving a very handsome pair of oars for Mr. Peck, and some wooden spoons for Margaret. He took a sorrowful leave of them, promising to come again soon.

One stormy, windy night, in the next March, just as Margaret was retiring, she thought she heard a noise at the door. Imagining it to be some neighbor in quest of some of the medicines which she kept always on hand, she opened the door, and a tall dark form glided noiselessly in. Her first thought was of alarm, but the next moment she recognized Theodore.

"Theodore ! at this time ! in this storm !"

"Little mamma, speak low. My tribe, other tribe too, angry with white man. Next night, when white man sleep, they come. They burn, they kill all, *all*. They know me tell, they kill me. No stay here. Bring papposes, bring father, bring chief ; Theodore make all safe."

Margaret, terrified, called her husband ; and Theodore described to him a place of retreat for his wife and children, and their aged parent.

"But you will go too," said Margaret to her husband.

"No, I must stay to defend Jamestown."

"Little mamma, chief safe. I come too — I save — red man not touch him."

Margaret could not find words to thank the preserver of her life, and of those dearer to her than life ; but, when she strove to express them, he said, "Me glad. You feed little pappoose — keep alive — now pappoose keep you alive."

With the early day, Mr. Peck arose, and gave notice to the people of Jamestown of the intended massacre. Many would not listen to him, and others removed their

wives and children to the place of retreat Theodore had pointed out. The terrible massacre of the 22d of March, 1622, left many a home a heap of ashes, and plunged Jamestown in mourning; but the family of Margaret was safe, and through her means many who would else have fallen on their blazing hearths. Theodore came not near Jamestown for several years; but, when the horror at the sight of a red man had a little abated, he frequently made long visits to Margaret, who was glad to show him any kindness in her power for the signal service he had rendered her. May our little readers learn from this story, which is founded on facts in the early history of our country, that a good deed is never lost, and that, if we cast our bread upon the waters, we shall find it after many days!

ED.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND. — One of the largest diamonds now known in the world has, within a few months, been deposited in the Bank of England for safe keeping. Its value is estimated at one million three hundred thousand dollars. It was found in the mines of Brazil, South America, by a negro slave, who received his freedom for a reward. How many who read this, will think of that pearl of infinitely greater value, — yes, above *all* price, — the finding of which releases us from the bondage and burdens of sin, and makes us heirs to a heavenly estate? This pearl is the forgiveness and favor of God, through his dear Son Jesus Christ, who died to redeem us. — *From the Child's Paper.*

BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER.

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter who lived in the little German town of Eisleben. He was very poor; but the family were industrious, and feared God. On the 10th of November, 1482, a baby was born in their humble cottage, and they called him Martin. The next summer, in the hope of bettering their condition, the family moved to Mansfield, where the wood-cutter got work at the mines. His wife often went out in the forest to help him fetch wood to the furnaces; and, as soon as the little boy was big enough, he used to follow his mother, carrying his little fagot also.

Martin was brought up in habits of obedience and industry; and his father often knelt by his bedside, and prayed God that his son might fear his great name, and grow up a wise and good man. While so small as often to be carried in his father's arms, Martin went to school and learned the catechism and commandments, and a great many hymns. His father had a great respect for learning, and wished to make his son a scholar. The sober and studious habits of the child seemed to favor the wishes of his father; and, by the time he was fourteen, he was sent from home to a famous school at Magdeburg.

The high schools and universities of Germany were supported by princes and nobles, and were free to poor students; but, while it cost Martin nothing for instruction, he was yet barely provided with the necessaries of life, and the poor child was often reduced to great straits on account of his poverty. His parents could do little

towards his support, as they now had a large family; and Martin, pinched by hunger, was sometimes obliged to beg his bread from door to door. When his father heard of his hardships, he removed him to Eisenach, where he had some relations living, whom he thought would sometimes help the lad, and, besides, he kept hoping to do more for Martin himself. But at Eisenach he fared no better than at Magdeburg; and the young scholar, in company with some schoolfellows as poor as himself, used to go and sing from house to house, hoping to get a morsel for his supper. Instead of food, they often received only harsh words; and many were the tears he shed in secret over his friendless lot. Let the boys who are now struggling through privations to get an education think of Martin, when almost discouraged at the dark prospect ahead; let them remember that Martin Luther had darker times than they. "What is to become great, should begin small," says an old man; "and if children are brought up too delicately, and with too much kindness, they are injured for life." Privations, I know, are hard to bear; but you must remember how the Lord Jesus Christ once had not where to lay his head; and, if he bore poverty for you, you must be content to bear a little for yourself. But let us turn to Martin, and see what happened to him next.

One day, when he had been rudely treated at several houses, and was slowly returning to his lodgings, hungry and sad, plunged in disconsolate thought, he suddenly stopped. "Must I," said he to himself, "Must I give up my studies for want of a little bread, and go to work with my father in the mines of Mansfield? Am I forced to this?" Just at that moment the door of an opposite

house opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold. She had often noticed this poor scholar at church; and her heart had been touched by the sweetness of his voice, and his serious and devout behavior. She now beheld him standing sorrowfully before the house; and she came and beckoned him in, and, asking him the cause of his distress, gave him a warm supper. Ursula was the name of this friendly woman, and she is called the "pious Shunamite," because her conduct resembled the good woman of old, who pressed the prophet Elijah to come and eat bread with her.

Ursula's husband approved of what his wife had done, and so pleased did he become with the intelligence and modesty of the lad, that he asked him to live with them; and henceforth Martin found a comfortable and happy home with Conrad and Ursula. At a time when he knew not what would become of him, God opened the heart and house of a Christian family. He was not now obliged to return to the mines of Mansfield, and bury the talents which God had given him, and this event inspired him with confidence in God; his prayers were more fervent, the thirst for knowledge greater, and his progress in study more rapid.

It was here that Martin prepared for the university at Erfurth, which he entered with high hopes at the age of eighteen. His father destined him for the law; and every year the boy's talents and progress strengthened the ambitious expectations of his friends. Martin did not merely cultivate his mind; he tried to have his heart right before God. Every morning he began the day with prayer, and then went to his studies, losing not a moment in the day. "To pray well," he used to say,

"is the better half of study." And yet, all this while, Martin Luther had never seen a Bible. The art of printing had but just been discovered, and there were no Bibles in the hands of the people. Let the children in this land of Bibles, who have been instructed in the Bible from their infancy, line upon line, and precept upon precept, think of this. Are they living up to their privileges? Are they as devout and diligent, and God-fearing, as poor Martin, who had only a few scattered rays of divine truth? Ah, children! how much is done for you! Remember, that to whom much is given, of them will much be required. — *Selected.*

PATIENCE GRUE; OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(Continued from p. 157.)

So when Mrs. Grue urged her niece to stay with them till they went to town in a fortnight, Georgiana looked eagerly to her parents for their consent, still declaring she would like to live here all her days. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were obliged to return to New York immediately, but were quite willing their daughter should remain. The next day they left her to all the felicities of the seashore home, but not till Georgiana had whispered her opinion of her cousin in the ear of her own smiling mother, who was too apt to indulge the child's propensity for hasty judgments.

"I think, mother," said she, "my cousin is decidedly stupid; she has no character at all."

"And do you think," said Mrs. Henderson, "that you can be happy here a whole fortnight, with such a lifeless companion? You see she has no energy; and I don't believe she can exert herself in the least for your entertainment, now she has shown you her pets."

"Oh, I shall not depend upon her at all!" exclaimed Georgiana; "we shall go on the water, and ride; and I can practise my music, and finish working my collar; and then they will have company of course. Patience says they have some very pleasant neighbors, three miles off, who come pretty often. Oh, the fortnight will seem very short!"

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson went; and Georgiana was rather surprised at the lonely feeling that came over her, as she turned back into the hall. Mr. Grue had gone up to town with them; and somehow the house seemed marvellously still. Patience went with her to the shore; and they sent Roscoe into the water to bring back sticks till they were tired, if he was not. Then they got into the boat and pushed off, and sat rocking on the gentle waves till Georgiana voted that to be stupid work also. They tried the swing; but Georgiana complained that Patience sometimes pushed her too fast, and sometimes not fast enough. In fact, she was getting into that blessed state of mind which we call "hard to please." The excitement of novelty in the scene about her was dying away.

"It seems to me that all this is mighty childish," said she, rather contemptuously. "Do you generally spend your forenoons in this manner?"

"Oh, no," replied Patience, with one of her quiet smiles. "I only do these things when I am really tired."

"Tired! with what?"

"With work and lessons."

"Oh, you have lessons! where do your masters come from?"

"I only have masters when I am in the city; but I learn lessons, and recite to mother regularly, when we are here. You know I could not lose five months of study."

There was a slight curl of contempt on Georgiana's pretty mouth, at the idea of her stupid cousin's recitations to that very quiet aunt Faith; but, with an effort of politeness, she said, "I trust you will not let me interrupt your usual ways. Do go on now just as you always do. I can practise on the piano. I see you have a very nice looking one. By the way, I wonder I have not asked you, Do you play?"

"Yes, I generally practise two hours a day," answered Patience, modestly.

"I should like to hear you," said Georgiana; and, going to the instrument, she opened it, ran over one or two flourishes which she had learned by rote, and began to play one of her most difficult pieces. She broke down in the middle, however; and, after floundering on a little while through horrid discords, hoping that her simple cousin would not perceive what work she was making, she rose with an air of superiority, saying carelessly, "I am really quite out of practice; I ought not to have undertaken any thing so very difficult; but we have been travelling, you know, and I have only played a little in the drawing-rooms at hotels."

The fact was that Georgiana was only likely to make a showy, superficial player; she never learned any piece

thoroughly, her only object being to make a display at the next meeting of the little musical party, and her performance was both mechanical and careless. She now turned over the music books on the stand, and was surprised to find not only all the music she was accustomed to hear and play with her friends, but a great deal of vocal music. "Why, do you sing, too?" she exclaimed.

"A little," said Patience.

"Do let me hear you."

Patience complied, without any excuses or apologies; taking up the first song on which she laid her hand; and Georgiana knew enough of music to perceive that her cousin would soon have an uncommonly fine voice, that she sung with great expression, and accompanied herself in a style quite superior to that of any girl in her own circle at New York. She was astonished; but, as she had no genuine taste for music, she merely asked for one more song out of civility, and made no objection when Patience rose, and asked her if she would like to practise. In half an hour she was tired of her own clumsy performance, and went in pursuit of her cousin, whom she found reading aloud to her mother. Mrs. Grue asked if she would not like to bring her work, and join them; so she produced her much tumbled half-finished collar, and put herself into an attitude of industry.

"Have you read Hillard's Italy," said Mrs. Grue.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, I am glad," exclaimed Patience, with more animation than usual, "because you can enjoy it with us. We have only read one chapter; had I not better begin it again, mother?"

"Pray don't," cried Georgiana; "one chapter can't

make much difference if it is'nt a novel. I should be sorry to lose the first chapter of a novel, because you know we could'nt tell who all the people are. This is a book of travels, I suppose."

"Why, yes; I believe it is very much liked. Are you fond of travels?" inquired Patience.

Georgiana hesitated; certainly her contempt for her cousin must have diminished somewhat; for she had not courage to say "No," living as she did for appearances. So she uttered a feeble "Yes," which, to the truthful little heart of Patience, would have seemed worse than an equivocation, if she had known how cordially Georgiana disliked all that is called useful reading; how exclusively she gave her reading *moments* — for they could not be called hours — to novels and magazines. But Patience was as unsuspecting as she was truthful.

The reading went on, with many comments from the mother and daughter, showing their familiarity with other travellers over the same ground, till Georgiana was wearied to her very bones. Her only relief was an occasional reverie about certain young companions of hers of both sexes, now probably returning to the city from various quarters, whom she was to astonish with accounts of her juvenile visits to Saratoga, Niagara, and Newport. Already had poor Patience listened with silent, half-comprehending surprise to many of her cousin's rambling and egotistical anecdotes.

The day went on, and came to an end. Never was Mr. Grue more welcome than that evening. Mrs. Grue saw plainly that special exertion must be made to entertain a guest who had so few resources of her own, who required constant excitement either from some novelty,

some stirring amusement, or something which ministered to her vanity. * Mr. Grue was an intelligent and agreeable man; he took the girls out on the water a good deal; but Georgiana had not the precious knowledge nor the imagination, which, lying deep under her cousin's quiet exterior, gave her the power of extracting delight from the simplest sources. She loved neither to watch the clouds in the sky, nor the fish and the seaweed in the waters. She was glad when the study-hours were over; having, to her surprise, found that Patience recited Latin and French to her father, and history to her mother, being a far better scholar than herself. She did not know that the study-hours were shortened on her account, to the secret regret of Patience, though she had herself generously proposed it. She was glad that, out of consideration for her, the "Wide, Wide World," which she had never read, was substituted for Hillard; although she did not like even that half as well as Eugene Sue's novels. And she was glad that, when she listlessly laid down her work, not being accustomed to handle her needle more than twenty minutes at a time, Patience would take it up silently and work a dozen of eyelets, so that there was really some prospect of its being finished. But the only thing she really enjoyed was riding on horseback; the opportunity of which she not only used, but abused. Going off one day without her uncle, she rode till she not only injured herself by the foolish exploit, and was confined two days to the sofa; but she actually lamed the beautiful pony, so that he was sent up to town in the steamboat, which stopped daily at a landing three miles off.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS.

LIST! the bells that sweetly pealing
 Usher in the Christmas morn,
 All the same glad song revealing,
 "Lo! a Saviour, Christ, is born."

O'er the ocean rings the chorus;
 And from ships that sail the seas
 Floats the same clear anthem o'er us,
 Borne upon the wintry breeze.

From the savage wilds of Burmah,
 From drear Lapland's snow-crowned hill,
 Every land hath caught the murmur,
 "Peace on earth, to man good-will!"

Christ is born! When first the angel,
 In his robe of dazzling light,
 Spake to man the blest evangel,
 Judah's shepherds shunned the sight.

Light upon the path of duty,
 Light upon the darkest way,
 Light of love, and joy, and beauty,
 From his coming streams to-day.

But, unlike those swains Judean,
 May we hail the glorious rays;
 May we swell the joyful pæan
 Of the world's united praise; —

Swell it not with voices only, —
Swell it by the Christ-like deed ;
By our comfort of the lonely,
By our aid to those who need ;

By our firm and true endeavor
That on earth fair peace shall reign, —
Bearing in our hearts for ever
Love to God, "good will to men."

ED.

POMPEII AS IT IS.

WILL you take an imaginary trip with me, reader, to the doomed city of Pompeii, and see it as it is now? Taking it for granted that you say "Yes," I will ask one of the numerous guides that swarm around each of the gates, to show us the way into the city. Let us enter the "Gate of the Soldiers." Here, just inside the wall, are the soldiers' barracks. We scarcely need the information which our guide is so anxious to convey. We see at a glance for what those buildings were appropriated. You can scarcely divest yourself of the conviction that you are dreaming, as you walk hurriedly along. How many times I asked myself the question, while wandering amid these ruins, "Can this all be real?" The roofs of the houses were all crushed under the weight that fell upon them. The walls, however, are standing, to a great extent. Many of the dwellings of the more wealthy of the inhabitants abounded in fresco and other paintings. The interior walls were covered with them, in some instances. The finest frescoes in the world, almost, came

from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and may be seen in the Museum at Naples.

The walls of the humbler dwellings were generally painted a peculiar bright brown, which modern painters cannot imitate. It is surprising that these paintings should retain their color so well. When they were exhumed, they were as fresh and life-like, apparently, as they could have been the day they were buried. A good many of the paintings have been removed from these walls, and are now in the Museum. All the finest of them are there. Still many, which were damaged by the falling of the roofs, or perhaps in the process of excavation, still remain in their mutilated state. Enough remain to demonstrate to us the great perfection of art at the period of the overthrow of the city, as well as the corrupt state of morals that must then have reigned among its inhabitants. They tell us of a room in the Neapolitan Museum, filled with paintings and mosaics from the buried cities, so grossly impure, that they cannot with propriety be exhibited. I can easily believe it; for the mind is sufficiently shocked at the pictures still remaining upon the walls of Pompeii. Were the cities under the shadow of Vesuvius overwhelmed in consequence of their wickedness? In the absence of a revelation from heaven, touching that question, of course it cannot be definitely answered. But few, I am sure, who visit those cities, can suppress the thought that they, no less than the cities of the plain of the Jordan, *may* have suffered thus, because their cup of crime was full.

We have arrived at the comic theatre. On these stone seats, which have so long and so successfully resisted the earthquakes that have shattered other buildings in South-

ern Italy to their foundations, sat the pleasure-loving Pompeiians. The actors used to stand in the arena below. See, the tall grass grows, and beautiful flowers bloom, on these very seats. There is an inscription, in brass letters, in the arena. It is as legible as if it were placed there to-day. Let us read it. It tells us under what auspices this place of amusement was established.

But here is another theatre, a much larger one, capable of seating some five thousand persons. We enter it. It is not necessary for the guide to tell us to what especial uses this edifice was appropriated. We see, from the mode in which it was constructed, that, on that large arena yonder, the gladiators contended with each other, single-handed, for the amusement of the spectators,—contended until one or the other fell, perhaps to be ingloriously dragged from the arena by the attendants, as they dragged away the bodies of the wild beasts which fought there on other occasions. Let us descend into this arena. A vast edifice was this amphitheatre. Can you tell what those dark chambers were occupied for? I shudder when I reflect that in them were confined the wild beasts, half-starved, to render them fierce, and to fit them to act their savage part in the theatre, for the entertainment of the citizens. To act their savage part! What that part was, I need not remind you. You know too well already. The soul sickens at the thought of it.

Not among the least notable things connected with this exhumed city, is a placard which they showed us, posted upon the walls of one of the public baths. It is in these words: “At the dedication of the baths, C. A. N. Maius will give wild-beast fightings and gladiators. There will

be sprinkling of perfumes, and an awning. Prosperity to Maius, first man in Pompeii ! ”

I ascend the steps of this theatre again. I stand on the uppermost. Here I can distinctly see Vesuvius. There stands the old monster, who was the agent of all this mischief, quietly puffing out interminable clouds of smoke. Here, too, we see over a great portion of Pompeii, and away beyond, to Herculaneum ; and, oh, how beautiful appears the blue Mediterranean, with its unrivaled group of islands ! and how like a thing of enchantment appears the city of Naples, stretching from the water's edge to the summit of a lofty hill !

It seems almost like sacrilege to enter these dwellings, and to go through the different apartments. One can hardly avoid giving way to the delusion, that the people have left their houses only for a brief period, and that they will return again and occupy them, perhaps even while we are lingering here. Mosaics, generally of marble, with different colors interspersed, form the floors of most of the more elegant mansions.

What is that inscription in mosaic yonder, in the court of one of these elegant houses ? *Cave Canem !* This Latin inscription is quite common in front of houses of the better class. The meaning of it is — my learned reader will excuse my rendering it into English — “Beware of the dog !” Another inscription, too, we frequently meet with, just as we enter the dwelling. It is the single word, *Ave*, and means, “Welcome.”

Not to confine myself too slavishly to antiquities, I saw numerous specimens of a plant within the walls of Pompeii, which interested me exceedingly. I saw growing here the century-plant, which, in our Northern States,

we cultivate in our green-houses, and which, it is said (fabulously, as I believe), does not flower until it is a hundred years old. In Pompeii, you may see the century-plant fifteen or twenty feet high, in full flower; and a most splendid plant it is, when it is covered with fine, large blossoms. According to the testimony of the guide, it requires only a few years here for the century-plant to produce flowers.

Now we come to the temple of Isis. Here was the altar of sacrifice; and here, in this little chamber — I must crawl into it, just for the name of the thing, I suppose — was the spot where the oracles were uttered. May I carry away a little relic from this place? The guide says it is not allowed (*C'est impossible!*); but he kindly turns his back to me, as he says so, and looks anxiously in another direction, till I help myself.

The schoolhouse interested me not a little. The schoolmaster sat on a raised platform. How much the stone steps are worn that lead to a little stage on which the pupils recited their lessons, and listened to the teachings of the master!

There are fountains in almost all the streets. The curbs of the cisterns were frequently of marble. These remain undisturbed, as perfect as on the day they were buried. You can see the deep grooves, in the inside of the curb, which were made by the friction of the cord used in drawing the water.

The streets are not so wide as I had supposed. In most of them there is only room for one vehicle to pass at a time. In the Museum at Naples, you can see a circular piece of brass, which is a specimen of many others suspended at the corners of streets in Pompeii,

and which was struck with a hammer by a driver in entering a given street, to give notice that a carriage was entering at that end, so that no one would at the same time enter at the other end of the street. The ruts made by the carriage-wheels are in many places five or six inches deep. The material with which the city was paved is not the hardest, it being very generally blocks of lava from Vesuvius.

We now approach the court of justice; and here, close by, is the prison. Through this passage the sentence of the judge was communicated to the prisoner, while in his gloomy and cheerless cell.

A little farther on is the temple of Venus. They show us the place where the victim for the sacrifice was killed, and the pedestal on which stood the bronze statue of the shameless goddess. The Pantheon is not far from this temple. Here you see pedestals for twelve great gods. The paintings which remain on the walls forcibly suggest some of the language used by the apostle Paul in the first chapter of his letter to the Christians in this vicinity.

We pass a bakery, with many of the articles used by the owner in his trade; a soap factory; the custom-house; the house of the surgeon, where were found a large collection of surgical instruments, which are now in the Museum at Naples; the temple of the Vestal Virgins; public baths, and many other places of almost equal note.

Then we emerge from the city by the Herculaneum gate, and visit the house of the lordly Diomede—the most splendid private dwelling in Pompeii. Bulwer, you may recollect, honors this same Diomede, by employing

him to open the first chapter of his "Last Days of Pompeii." You ask how we know who was the occupant of this mansion. His name was inscribed at the entrance. The wine cellar occupies a very large space. Many of the earthen casks in which the wine was kept, remain here in the exact position they occupied when they were discovered. There is a painful chapter connected with this wine-cellar. Some twenty dead bodies were found here; and among them one which, from the profusion of costly ornaments on her person, is supposed to have been that of the mistress of the house. How came it to pass that so many persons found a grave here? It is presumed that they fled to the cellar, supposing themselves safe there, and intending to remain till the storm of ashes should subside, when they meant to escape from the city. Alas! when they chose to leave their place of retreat, it was too late!

On the same street with the house of Diomede, are the tombs of the wealthy Pompeians. Many of the monuments are very elegant. One of the most remarkable is that of a gladiator. In some of these tombs are still the urns in which were deposited the ashes of the dead; and here and there may be seen other and smaller urns, in which were preserved the tears of surviving friends. These *lachrymal urns*, by the way, I saw in several old cemeteries in Italy.

After visiting Pompeii, I proceeded directly to Herculaneum, and spent the remainder of the day there. The principal object of interest in the latter city is the great amphitheatre, which we visit in the same manner as we explore a coal-mine. We go into a huge grotto with torches, and as we stand within those walls, and

survey this vast monument of the wealth and the luxury of that doomed city, we hear the rumbling of the carriages in the modern city of Resina, far above our heads. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

WHATSOMEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH
THY MIGHT. — Eccl. ix. 10.

OUR newspapers, but a few weeks since, gave accounts, among the most terrible ever read, of the loss of the steamer Arctic. But it is not of that loss that we would now speak to our young friends. We would mention only one circumstance connected with it, which is a striking lesson to both manhood and youth. Stewart Holland, a young lad belonging to the corps of engineers connected with the vessel, instead of embarking in the boat with the rest, stood firm at his post, and fired minute guns for aid, and finally sunk with the noble ship.

Children, what a glorious example is here! It is worth whole volumes of discourses upon duty. He knew that the only safety for the helpless passengers was in the arrival of some vessel to take them from the wreck; and, while his companions thought of their own preservation, he would not neglect the only chance for that of others.

We, sitting in our comfortable homes, cannot realize what a scene of terror the sinking vessel presented. But, amid all the despair and agony of such an hour, young Holland stood by the cannon, calm and collected; and, as the ship went down, he looked up with a smile on his countenance.

What made him thus calm when others were terrified ; thus active while others folded their hands in despair ? What lighted up the smile with which his face beamed ? The consciousness that he was performing his duty ; the approval of the silent monitor within ; the real joy which the performance of a noble deed always gives. Did we know more of his history, we should doubtless learn, that, from his boyhood, he had been brave, self-denying, and true to duty. In his sorrowing family, we doubt not many instances of self-sacrifice are treasured up with fond affection.

Children, you whose hearts swell with emotion as you read of him,—you who see in this lofty act the marks of a truly great soul,—would you too be truly great ? Then, like him, must you be generous and self-devoted. You must begin *now* to give up your own pleasures, your own amusements, for the good of others. If Stewart Holland had been a selfish boy, he would have leaped into the boat, and neglected the only possible means of rescue for those around him. We should have read his name among the list of the saved ; but it would have been to us only a name among many others. Now we dwell with delight upon his memory ; now we hold his example up as worthy of imitation ; and even in that circle where he will be longest missed and most deeply lamented, we doubt not that a sense of his noble worth takes away the bitterness of the fast-falling tears of sorrow.

Let Stewart Holland rank beside the other boy-hero, Casabianca. Would that some poet of our land would sing for him as sweet a song as that of Mrs. Hemans ; so that his name, like that of the little French boy, might

be handed down from generation to generation, to awaken the noblest feelings of childhood, and to show that the path of duty is also the truest path to honor. ED.

THE PLAYFUL ROBINS.

MANY years since (says Andrew Crosse), being at my country residence at Broomfield, in Somersetshire, I met with the following strange occurrence :—

Attached to a house, just opening into a pitched courtyard, is a room furnished with two windows ; one of which is grated and open, and the other is glazed. Through this open window, robins and other small birds were in the habit of passing into the room ; which, being kept generally undisturbed and the door locked, afforded them an occasional refuge from the inclemency of the weather. At times you might see two robins, one of them being within and the other without the room, pecking at each other, with the glazed window between them, and seemingly much amused with their play.

One day I had occasion, in the summer time, to look for something in this room ; and, accompanied by one of my sons, I unlocked the door with the intention of entering, when two robins, which were both within the apartment, being disturbed, fled through the open-grated window, and then, making a circuit through the air, pitched together on the ground of the court in which we were standing, and at about ten yards distance from us. They

then, apparently, commenced a most furious fight with each other; and shortly one of them fell on his back, stretched out his legs, and seemed perfectly dead. The other instantly seized him by the back of the head, and dragged him several times round and round in a circle of about seven or eight feet in diameter. My son, with a view to stop their savage amusement, was about to spring forward, when I gently arrested him, to see the issue. Much to my astonishment, after being dragged a few rounds, the fallen and apparently dead bird sprang up with a bound, and his antagonist fell in his turn upon his back, and stretched out both legs with consummate adroitness in all the mock rigidity of death; and his late seemingly dead opponent, in like manner, seized him by the head, and, after dragging him a few rounds, in imitation of Achilles dragging Hector round the walls of Troy, they both sprang up and flew away. — *Selected.*

FANNY GRAY.

A PAPER doll is generally a great amusement to a little girl; and those of our friends who like to play with them, will be glad to learn that Crosby & Nichols have published an uncommonly attractive one, with the history of her life. Our little feminine readers, who sometimes have the choice of a Christmas present, will do well to examine this toy before making their decision.

ED.

GABRIELLA.

(Concluded from page 166.)

THE farmer was true to his promise ; for, when the next week came, he took his farm wagon, and, placing his wife and child comfortably in it, drove merrily away. They had supper at a farmhouse ; and in the evening reached a large and thriving town, lodging for the night at a small but respectable inn ; calculating, that, before noon of the next day, they should reach the place where the fair was held. The busy streets, the crowds of passengers, the number of vehicles of all kinds, formed a delightful panorama for our travellers ; and Greta gazed unweariedly from the window, until it was high time her eyes should be closed for the night. The little girl was put into a chamber separate from her parents, though it adjoined theirs ; and though the noise of the town, so different from the stillness to which she had been accustomed, kept her awake some time, she at last sunk into a sound slumber. A kiss upon her closed eyelids startled her, and she awoke. It was bright morning, and the streets were full of noise and bustle ; but little Greta heard it not. Her eyes were fixed in surprise and doubt upon the sight that met her view. The tall, commanding figure, the high, noble brow, the piercing, yet kindly eyes, were those of the Professor Von Arnheim ; and, while she still looked in his face in utter bewilderment, he stooped and kissed her again, saying, " Has my little Gabriella slept well ?

and is she ready to return to mamma and Miss Grosvenor?"

"Papa, is it really you?"

"Really I? Who else should it be, blossom? Why, what have you been dreaming about?"

Gabriella raised herself, and looked around. The silk dress lay with her other clothes upon a chair near the bed; the little French slippers beside them; the shawl and straw hat trimmed with roses, which she remembered to have worn on her journey with her father, were on a table at a little distance. But where, then, were Father Miller and his good wife? or had all her life with them been a dream? She sprang from the bed, and run into the next room. It was vacant, but her father's hat and cloak were there.

"Papa, did you sleep there, last night?"

"Certainly, I did; but come, dress yourself, and, by the time you are ready, I will come up again and take you down to breakfast."

Gabriella dressed herself very quickly, and was ready to take her father's hand and go down, when he re-appeared. After breakfast, the carriage came to the door, and they drove away, the little girl still uncertain whether she had been dreaming or was dreaming now.

"What makes you so still, little one?" asked the father, looking down upon her with a smile.

"I was trying to think: have I really been away from home a long time, or was it only a dream? I think—I am not sure—that when I left mamma to ride with you, the spring blossoms had just come, and now the trees are loaded with fruit. Perhaps I have been dreaming of spring flowers."

"Perhaps you are dreaming still," replied her father, laughing. "You look as if you were scarcely awake."

Gabriella took her father's hand in hers, and softly kissed it. "I hope I'm not asleep now," she said; "for I long to see dear mamma; and, if I wake to find myself Greta Miller, I know I shall cry."

"And who may Greta Miller be, I wonder? Do you think mamma will be glad to see her darling back? It will seem a long absence to her loving heart. Why, Ella, crying?"

"Dear papa, I am so sorry, so ashamed. I never knew before how naughty a child I had been. I should not think you and mamma would love me so much; I have not deserved it. Oh!" with a sudden start, "is not that the village, *our* village?"

"No, dear; our village is many miles away. Tell me about Greta Miller, and this strange dream of yours."

Gabriella told him in her simple, childish way, of Farmer Miller and his pleasant wife; of the wild but beautiful forest into which they sometimes went; of Minna Wendel, who was so patient and good, in spite of her lameness and her poverty; of her own impatience and obstinacy at first, and of the sorrow she felt when she believed she never again should see her parents; of her renewed hope and her efforts, and finally of her surprise and joy that very morning. And to all this, the grave and learned Professor listened with ever increasing interest; and, more than once during the recital, smiles came to his lip, and tears to his eye. Gabriella's story had been interrupted many times, and in various ways; and it was growing dusk, though it was not by any means late, when they reached a village, at sight of which she

uttered a cry of joy. Rapidly they drove through this, and a mile or two beyond it; and then they entered the avenue, and a few minutes more brought them to the entrance of the house. And in the lighted hall, when the servants had opened the door, stood Miss Grosvenor, eager to welcome back her little pupil. Gabriella sprung from the carriage at one bound; but Miss Grosvenor, instead of stopping her even for a kiss, stepped aside, and pointed to the open door of Madame Von Arnheim's room. Another minute, and the little girl was in her mother's arms, laughing, crying, both at once; caressing and being caressed with an eagerness not to be restrained. Her father and Miss Grosvenor, who had followed her, stood looking on with silent pleasure.

"A very enthusiastic meeting, after so short an absence," said the Professor, smiling.

"So short?" repeated Gabriella, thoughtfully. "I do not know yet. Dearest mamma, pray, tell me, have I been away a long time, or did I leave home only yesterday with papa, and dream of being far away?"

"I will tell you all I know about it," returned her mother. "Papa took my little daughter to ride, and came home without her; and, when I inquired for my sweet Gabriella, he told me he had left her in the fairies' care. That was some months ago; and whenever I have asked for my darling since, he has said the fairies were not ready to give her up."

"Then it is all true, and I have really been Mrs. Miller's little Greta," said Gabriella, with a sigh of relief, while her father and her governess exchanged a smile. "But I thank the fairies, and papa too, for I am sure it was hard for him to part with his little Ella; unless,

indeed," she added, "he had a better Ella here, a gentle, obedient, loving one, such as I mean to be. But I am sorry, too, that I was not Greta a few days longer, so that Minna Wendel should have her gift."

And then it was mamma's turn to ask about Minna Wendel, and she and Miss Grosvenor must hear all that papa had heard before; and then he promised that, if that wonderful cottage by the forest could be found, they would all visit it next spring, and see it for themselves; and in the meantime he would ask those fairies to see that Minna had every thing she needed.

Young as she was, Gabriella's lesson had been well learned; her affectionate heart had found that the greatest sorrow is to grieve, by our misconduct, those who love us; and when she thought, as she often did, that her dear mother might have died in her absence, and so she would have had no opportunity of proving, by her conduct, the sincerity of her penitence, she trembled lest any negligence now should bring back the faults which had caused her six months' banishment from home and friends.

The next spring came in due time; and the first blossoms which Gabriella gathered were showered over the fair face and plump little form of a baby brother, whose birth had made their Christmas-day doubly joyful, and who now had learned to recognize the face and step of his merry, loving sister. And they went, yes, baby and all, to find the fairy forest. Gabriella did not believe they could be successful in their search, but they were; and Mrs. Miller, who now had her own Greta by her side, a sunny-faced little girl, with a light step and pleasant voice, seemed quite as glad to see Gabriella as Gabri-

ella was to see her. And there, too, was Minna Wendel, whose mother had died, taken to the home and heart of kind Mrs. Miller, and happier than she had ever been before. Minna was the most delighted of all with the visit; for, kind as the farmer and his wife were, and dearly as she loved the true Greta, Minna had always kept one place in heart for the child whose bounding steps and bright face had been as sunshine in her lonely life, and around whom a strange charm had been thrown by her sudden appearance, and as mysterious disappearance, for which Mrs. Miller and her husband either could not or would not account.

Gabriella is older now; and she has discovered that the only fairies whose aid was procured were the love which sought for her reformation, and the skill which devised the means. But she still cherishes an affection for the pleasant cottage in the wood, and for the humble friends she there learned to love; and she has never ceased to be thankful for the lesson, severe as it was, that taught her the path of true happiness. A. A.

THE RED COAT: A FABLE. — A lobster who had been taken by a fisherman, and suffered the pain of boiling, was restored to life by a kind of fairy, and placed in his native element. His friends gathered round him, and eagerly asked him what he had done to win for himself this brilliant red coat. "Oh!" said he, "I only had to be boiled."

Moral. — Envy not those with superior external advantages: they may not have gained them more easily than the lobster procured his red coat.

A ROLLING MILL.

ON the outskirts of one of the seaboard towns of Massachusetts, is situated a factory for making irons, suitable for railroad tracks, or for other purposes for which long, narrow bars or strips of iron are used. It was often our delight to visit it just at dusk on a cold autumn evening. The furnaces were glowing with heat; and as the immense masses of iron were taken from them in huge pincers, red as the fire to which they had been subjected, they lighted up the whole long, low building with a glare that strongly contrasted with the darkness without. After being taken from the furnace, a mass was placed between two large revolving cylinders, which reduced its width and increased its length; the same process was repeated a number of times in rapid succession, by means of sets of cylinders, each decreasing in size, until at length a strip, several yards long, and not more than an inch in thickness, was laid like a strip of fire upon the ground, where it soon lost its brilliant red.

The glare, the noise of machinery, and blackened countenances of the workmen, added to the low situation of the mill, which was just under a hill, made us often think of the fabled workshop of the Cyclops, under Mount Etna, where the thunderbolts were forged for Jupiter. Not far distant was a nail-factory, of which we should be glad to give a description to our readers; but not having seen it for several years, and then having only made a single visit, we dare not trust to our memory, as descriptions of this kind should always be accurate.

ED.

THE OLD YEAR.

WE come again, children, to the last month of the year. Another year of our pleasant intercourse with you has gone by. And what, think you, is the question that arises in our minds in looking back over the pages we have written and collected for you? It is not, whether we have made the *Child's Friend* an interesting book for you; it is not, whether we have made it instructive; it is, whether we have done our duty with regard to you.

Every person who has intercourse with children is responsible for his influence upon them, no matter whether that intercourse be by word of mouth, or by the pen; and we feel that we are responsible for the manner in which we, from month to month, conduct this magazine.

If we have set before you any truth of God which you did not know before; if we have made the guilt of any particular sin clearer, or the light of any particular virtue brighter; if we have helped the passionate in controlling their temper, the impatient to be patient, the mean to be generous, the disobedient to be obedient, the quarrelsome to be peaceful,—we have done our duty; but we have not done it unless our words have produced in some of you at least good fruits.

To be sure, we have only our part of the responsibility. If we have made goodness as lovely as possible to your eyes, and sin as odious, we have done all in our power. Then your responsibility begins. If you have gone on, from month to month, reading only the *stories*, and per-

haps the accounts of distinguished men and wonderful animals, you have neglected an opportunity for improvement. We have written a little sermon every month on purpose to be read. If you have not read it, the sin is yours, and not ours.

Some of you may smile to see such a thing as that called a sin. It is small sin, to be sure, but yet a sin. God gives us in this world many means of improvement. Among these are books. Grown people have many books which teach them their duty, beside the Bible, which is alike for great and small; but there are comparatively none for children. Now if, each month, something is written for you, which you do not read, you neglect a means of improvement which God has placed in your power, and therefore you commit a sin.

If there is any lesson which we would strive to impress upon your minds, that you might carry it forward into the new year, it is our responsibility for our time, for our talents, and for our influence upon others. If there is any truth which comes home with a startling earnestness to our own hearts, it is this; and for this reason we would try to make others sensible of it too. Christ has told us to let our "light so shine before men that they may see" our good works, and "glorify our Father which is in Heaven."

Look back upon the year then, children, with thoughtfulness, and remember your most easily besetting sins. Think how much harm your example may do others, and, for their sake, if not for your own, try to do right. God grant you His aid in the year to come, and in all coming years, and make you all His children in spirit and in life!

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